# THE LIVING AGE

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# THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 321 — *JUNE 28, 1924* — NO. 4173

## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### THE SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN

By the time this issue of the *Living Age* reaches our readers, South Africa will have concluded a political campaign that may mark the beginning of a new stage in its relations with the British Empire. Although the South African Party led by General Smuts seems — if we may trust London press dispatches — to have recovered ground during the last week before the balloting, its defeat by the Nationalist-Labor alliance is at the present writing generally predicted. The *Times*, in a leader on the subject, enumerated as follows the handicaps of the South African Party's leader: —

Those who know the political psychology of the Dominions will understand the fact that his very predominance in the affairs of his country since the years of war is by no means the best of assets in the present campaign. In the first place — and this is characteristic of other political arenas than those of the Dominions — long terms in office are more often than not calculated to inspire the electorate with a desire for change. In the second place, the time and the energy which General Smuts has devoted to the conduct of Imperial and international affairs have made his countrymen a little jealous and given his enemies the opportunity to launch the suggestion — however undeserved — that his participation in external politics has been given at the expense of his devotion to the business of his own country.

There is yet another aspect. General Smuts is the last surviving Prime Minister of a type that was created by the war and its immediate problems. A time of national crisis made it necessary for him occasionally to act first and postpone until afterward consultation not only with the Legislature, but even with his own colleagues. From the point of view of expediency, South Africa was fortunate in having a man strong enough to carry such a responsibility. The habit of ignoring the Legislature, in the assumption of the executive, is, however, a dangerous one to cultivate in times of peace; it was fatal alike to Mr. Lloyd George and to Mr. Hughes.

A contributor to the London *Outlook* asserted that the laudation of General Smuts by the British press as a savior of the Empire had made him unpopular with the Dutch.

The new Union Parliament will contain 135 members, of which 51 come

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from the Cape, 50 from the Transvaal, and 17 each from Natal and the Orange Free State. The latter two provinces about balance each other, Natal being strongly British and therefore South African, and the Orange Free State intensely Dutch, Nationalist, and Secessionist. The strength of the latter sentiment was illustrated by the practical mobbing of General Smuts and his supporters when they tried to hold meetings in Bloemfontein. Similar disorders occurred in the Rand, where Labor — with strong Communist sympathies — is powerful, and nurses sullen resentment over General Smuts's drastic suppression of its quasi-Bolshevist revolt against the mine-owners two years ago.

As in the United States, the franchise law varies in different States, but in none of them do women have the vote. In the Transvaal and the Free State, where the Dutch are strongest, only whites have the ballot. Natal has a few non-European voters, and in the Cape Province, where there are property and other qualifications for the franchise, the colored native and Indian electors number more than 40,000. They probably supported General Smuts, though they do not approve many of his policies, because he is less antagonistic to them than General Herzog, who champions an outright segregation policy.

The issue that gives this election world-wide importance is the Nationalist demand for secession from the Empire, which, though suppressed for the moment, seems not to be finally silenced. That demand might create an immediate problem were this party victorious by a clear majority. But its temporary ally, the Labor Party, is explicitly opposed to secession. Colonel Creswell, the Labor leader, a veteran of the World War, declared in the course of the campaign: —

> For the overwhelming majority of English-speaking South Africans this question of membership of the Commonwealth is a matter of affection no more to be argued about than the Dutch-speaking South Africans' attachment to their own language.

What Labor insists upon is the exclusion of colored immigrants, heavier taxation of the mines, the employment of more whites in the mines, and a provision compelling owners of dormant mines to work them or abandon them to the State. General Herzog recently issued a policy statement which was thus summarized in a Reuter dispatch to the London *Observer:* —

> If Nationalists were called on to form a Government their points would be: (1) agricultural development; (2) protection of South Africa's own industries; (3) a thorough and comprehensive attempt to solve the problem of unemployment; (4) the establishment of a new portfolio of Labor; and (5) the solution of the native question. This must be based on the existence of the European population and civilization, and those of South Africa's sons and daughters who were able to make a living in civilized labor must therefore be protected against the pressure of uncivilized labor. Equal care would be taken for the development and existence of the native within his territory. His sixth point was a revision of the system of taxation. There was every reason to believe that the mines had been favored by the Government in the past in a manner to which they were not entitled.

General Smuts's Party was weakened, according to London reports, by the absence of 20,000 South Africans attending the British Empire Exposition at Wembley, most of whom were his supporters. The fact that South Africa is just emerging from a severe depression, deepened by the Rand revolution in 1922, a wave of unemployment, the greatest drought within fifty years, and a plague of locusts, naturally, though rather illogically, counted against the existing Government.

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Among the other reasons for the Cabinet's unpopularity was a tax levied upon patent medicines, which aroused more hostility in South Africa's 'Farm Bloc' than any other revenue measure ever introduced. This is due to the fact that, owing to the sparse population, the people rely to a very great extent on patent medicines in time of illness, and resented the increase of price that followed the new impost.

While a powerful party in South Africa is preaching secession, Scotland wants its own Parliament at Edinburgh. The British Labor Party is not altogether hostile to government decentralization, although Socialism in practice generally tends in the opposite direction. George Lansbury, writing in the Party's official organ, the London *Daily Herald*, would gratify those who want home rule for Scotland, Wales, England, and are also interested in India, by extending the principle of local government.

I desire to see the present Parliament abolished and in its stead a Commonwealth Parliament set up, to which should come representatives of Britain and Ireland, India, the Dominions and Colonies. To this Parliament should be given full powers over all matters which concern them all, such as foreign affairs, defense, finance, trade, commerce, migration, and so forth. It is almost unnecessary to say that this will involve complete self-government for India, which I am confident must be conceded unless we are to lose all connection with that great people. In saying this, let me also say that on this question the will of the people of India must prevail. We must treat them in such a manner as will ensure their willingness to accept partnership with us. Such a policy would also remove the last vestige of a claim for a divided Ireland.

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### GANDHI ON PROTECTION

THE proposal to place a tariff upon certain steel and steel products imported into India afforded Gandhi an opportunity, as he says editorially in his organ, *Young India*, 'of dispelling the illusion that I am inimical to capital, and that I would destroy machinery and its products if I had the power.'

I am a confirmed protectionist. Free trade may be good for England, who dumps down her manufactures among helpless people and wishes her wants to be supplied from outside at the cheapest rate. But free trade has ruined India's peasantry, in that it has all but destroyed her cottage industry. Moreover, no new trade can compete with foreign trade without protection. Natal nursed her sugar industry by both bounty and import duty. Germany developed beet sugar by a system of bounties. I would any day welcome protection for mill industry, although I give and would always give preference to hand-spun *khaddar*. Indeed I would give protection to all useful industries. Much of my opposition to the Government would abate, if I found that it was truly solicitous for India's economic and moral welfare. Let the Government protect the cloth industry to the point of prohibition of all foreign cloth, let it popularize the *charkha* by making all its purchases of cloth in khaddar, let it abolish without regard to revenue the drink and the drug traffic, and cut down the army expenditure to the extent of the loss of that revenue. When such a happy event takes place, my opposition will lose its point. It will pave the way for a real discussion of reforms. To me the two steps will be a striking sign of change of heart which must precede any honorable settlement.

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### MONSIGNOR SEIPEL

*Le Temps*, in reviewing the distinguished services of Monsignor Seipel, the Premier of Austria, on the occasion of the recent attempt to assassinate him, gives this picturesque account of his return to Vienna, after concluding the arrangements with the League of Nations that led to the financial and economic rehabilitation of his country.

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Bitter opposition was predicted. A violent campaign had begun against him in the press. Some denied the soundness of the plan he had approved. Many accused him of having put his country under foreign tutelage. Others predicted that the stabilization of the currency and the rigid economies he proposed would encourage a spirit of rebellion. A few of his political friends — the Catholic Party in Austria is essentially Democratic — were at the railway station to greet the Chancellor. He stepped out of the car with his valise in his hand and his rug over his arm like a modest country priest who had come to the capital on business for his parish. Replying to the words of welcome addressed to him, he started to explain his programme, at first in a conversational tone. Gradually, however, he lifted his voice until he was speaking as if he were addressing a large audience. He produced the impression of a veritable apostle, a man who had utter faith in his mission and was ready at any moment to sacrifice his life to his ideal.

At the opening session of the Congress of the International Federation of Trades-Unions, which met in Vienna shortly after the attack upon the Chancellor, the Austrian delegates were careful to disclaim sympathy with such tactics. Otto Bauer, the leader of the Austrian Socialists, said: —

We condemn the attempt on the life of our greatest antagonist. We fought and will fight against Dr. Seipel's work, but not against his person, which we highly esteem. This attempt does not come from the spirit of the laboring classes. In the days of absolutism we believed in political murder as a rightful weapon, but in a free republic, where our rights are assured, we can only condemn it with indignation.

Friedrich Adler, who killed Count Stuerke, was present at the Congress, and bowed in assent at this passage.

*

THE EMIGRATION CONFERENCE AT ROME

Two problems, in the opinion of many European writers, threaten world peace in the not distant future. One of these is immigration, the other access to raw materials. With the growing pressure of population, the demand for access to sparsely peopled and undeveloped regions is certain to increase, and very possibly will produce armed conflicts.

European newspapers express genuine alarm lest our own exclusion policy precipitate a race war in the Pacific — if not immediately, within a time that the statesmen of to-day must take into practical calculation. But the problem is also acute in Europe itself, and her immediately neighboring countries. The recent Emigration Conference at Rome brought out some interesting phases of the present situation. Italy and France have approximately the same population, — thirty-nine and forty millions respectively, — but Italy's area is only three fifths that of France. Moreover, the Italians are a prolific people, while the French, as all the world knows, show no appreciable increase. The result is a steady overflow of Italians into France and the French colonies of Northern Africa. The number of foreigners, mostly working people, living in France has increased from about a million at the beginning of the century to nearly two million at the present time. Part of the recent influx has been of labor employed in reconstructing the devastated regions. There is some concern in France lest these workers, when their present employment is over, flow back into the central and southern part of the country and create an unemployment crisis. To be sure, the French farmer complains that he cannot get hands to till his fields and harvest his crops, but that may be due to low wages and long hours of labor, and not to an absolute deficiency of workers. A correspondent of *Journal de Genève* who stopped for dinner at

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a Brie farmhouse not long since, noticed that all the servants and laborers employed about the place spoke very little French, and discovered that they were Czechs and Basques.

While the overflow of Italy's excess population into France itself is not likely to raise a political question, it has become a source of friction between the two Governments in Tunis, where, though the province belongs to France, there are three Italians for every two Frenchmen, and the former are asking why the flag of the minority should fly over the country.

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NEW SOVIET MONEY

THE Soviet Government has recently promulgated a series of decrees adding one more reform to the Russian currency. It will be recalled that in October 1922 a new State bank-note was issued called the *chervonets*, in denominations of ten rubles gold or more. These bills were protected from depreciation by a gold reserve, and have circulated at about par up to the present time. The old Soviet paper money, which has depreciated almost to the point of invisibility, still remains in circulation as fractional currency. It is now proposed to issue a new series of legal-tender notes in denominations of one, three, and five gold rubles, receivable for public taxes and limited in amount to one half the chervonets notes in circulation. The old Soviet paper money may be exchanged for these bills at the rate of one kopeck for five hundred rubles. Small change is to be provided by coining copper pieces of the minimum denominations, and a series of silver pieces ranging from ten kopecks to one ruble in value.

Some skepticism is expressed as to the ability of the Government to maintain at par the chervonets and the new bills of smaller denominations in view of the chronic deficit in the budget.

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MINOR NOTES

THE special interest of Great Britain in the Free City of Danzig, whose High Commissioner under the League of Nations is a British subject, has been again proved by a loan of 200,000 pounds sterling from the Bank of England to the newly formed Bank von Danzig, payable when its capital has been subscribed. This sum equals 5,000,000 of the new Danzig gulden, a currency that has been substituted locally for the German mark. Future coöperation between the two banks has been promised. The British follow closely all business developments along the shores of the Baltic. Poland is courting friendship with Great Britain more solicitously since France concluded her recent alliance with Czechoslovakia.

VIENNA experienced a remarkable boom in stock-exchange securities as a result of the financial-reform scheme of the League of Nations and the stabilization of the Austrian currency, which raised prices of securities far above their actual value. In addition, new capital issues were floated — considerably in excess of the normal demands of the country. Now the inevitable reaction has occurred, and the country is struggling with a crisis as serious as that of 1873. This catastrophe has been accentuated by the miscalculation of speculators who gambled upon the continued fall of the franc, partly in order to save themselves from the consequences of the undue expansion of Bourse operations during the preceding boom. Most of them were caught short when the franc reversed its movement and began rapidly mounting.

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KNIGHTHOODS and kindred honors have been favorite — and by many highly appreciated — tokens of distinction in Great Britain's colonies and Dominions. Each royal jubilee, Imperial Conference, and other event drawing together England's sons from the outposts of empire was marked by a liberal conferring of titles. But either because the democratic spirit of the age does not favor this purely decorative embellishment of plain citizens, or because the persons honored were not always selected with wisdom, the younger members of the British Commonwealth of Nations have rebelled against the practice. Five years ago Canada asked that no more titles be given by the Crown to her citizens, and that hereditary titles already conferred should expire with the present holder. Two years ago South Africa made the same request. Now South Australia has expressed a like desire. It has come to the point in some of the Dominions where the possession of a title is regarded as almost a disqualification for high public office.

THE period of agitation that succeeded the war witnessed the birth of numerous ephemeral periodicals and newspapers in Europe, most of which disappeared with the crisis to which they owed their origin. On the other hand, a still larger number of old and worthy publications was extinguished. Between the Armistice and the end of February 1923, about 800 daily newspapers in Germany alone were compelled to stop publication. These were not the mushroom sheets just mentioned, but for the most part papers which had existed for generations, and were respected organs of opinion. Even more startling has been the effect on literary, artistic, and scientific periodicals. More than a thousand of these ceased publication during this period. Furthermore, distress in this branch of the periodical field continues, while the daily press begins to show symptoms of recovery.

THE AMERICAN RELIEF IN RUSSIA

BOLSHEVIST OFFICIAL. See there, the victims of the old régime, who had learned to eat every day. — *Roelj*, Berlin

LEFT LEADERS MEET

HERRIOT. I'll call on Comrade MacDonald. He'll like to meet another fellow in shirt sleeves. — *La Tribuna*, Rome

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# EGYPT ASTIR

BY LEOPOLD WEISS

[*The author, who is the special correspondent of the* Frankfurter Zeitung *in the Near East, and whose wanderings embrace Egypt, Abyssinia, Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan, and the Caucasus, will issue shortly an illustrated book of travels entitled* Unromantisches Morgenland.]

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, May* 11
(LIBERAL DAILY)

A MAN who comes directly to Egypt from Constantinople feels as if the world had suddenly expanded and taken on new life. I cannot escape that impression. Constantinople is so cramped and confined by intellectual narrowness, spiritual sterility, and self-conceit, that it is hard to understand from what source the Turkish renaissance draws its emotional force. Possibly Constantinople is not fairly representative of Angora.

However that may be, the moment one steps within the circle of Arabian life the Turkish national movement, formidable as it may appear to outsiders, — and in a sense actually is, — seems purely mechanical, and conspicuous only because it symbolizes the coarser substance of the resurrection of the Islamic East. Turkey was the first Asiatic nation to emerge full-panoplied with power from the post-war chaos. Egypt had been fighting valiantly for liberty for many years, and Persia likewise had felt the reviving spirit of Oriental Nationalism long before Kemal Pasha appeared upon the stage. But Young Turkey is the first Mussulman state to achieve national emancipation. Is it therefore the most profoundly imbued with the spirit of liberty? That spirit seems to me to be shaping new political institutions to harmonize with the present sentiment of the millions of individuals who make up this ancient world. Turkey, following the natural bent of her people, has responded only to the coarser, physical rhythm of this general movement, and has therefore achieved external success sooner than the finer-fibred Arab, who is striving toward something more intimate and organic, toward a new identification of the individual and the community. The moment a visitor reaches Egypt he feels this profounder current. He detects it in the refinement and self-possession of Arab life, in the evidence that each person is busy working out his own salvation. There is no apathy and no mere formulism here. The national struggle, in spite of its successes, still retains its pristine revolutionary vigor.

The Egyptian Parliament has been in session for some weeks, and the time is approaching when its delegates and those of England will again meet around the conference table to discuss the future relations of their Governments. Premier MacDonald has invited Zaghlul to London. Officially, both sides profess perfect confidence in the results. But Zaghlul, whose immense popularity is due to his inflexible insistence upon complete independence, will make no concessions.

Sudan promises to be the acutest issue. Egypt will assert her claim to this country; England, no matter what party is in power, will denounce that



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claim as chimerical. Although England struggles against the idea of eventually surrendering Sudan, and no one in that country seriously contemplates this possibility at present, signs of a dawning comprehension that it may prove inevitable are beginning to appear.

Since control of the Suez Canal is vital for the British Empire, no matter what degree of independence Egypt may attain, she will enjoy it only by favor of her powerful patroness. Egypt lives from the waters of the Nile. Were these withheld a single year her fertile fields would become a desert. The Power that controls the waters of the Upper Nile, particularly above the confluence of the sister rivers, — the White and the Blue Nile, — need not occupy Egypt in order to hold her completely at its mercy. All such a Power would have to do, should Egypt prove recalcitrant, would be to detain the Nile waters for a season in the reservoirs and irrigation canals of Sudan. For a number of years the British have been constructing an elaborate irrigation-system in that country — naturally for the joint benefit of Egypt and England, who are partners in the control of that country.

The Egyptians have not only developed an intense interest in political affairs of late, but they have acquired a considerable degree of political insight. They are temperamentally pacifists, and are not inclined to pick unnecessary quarrels with Great Britain. Yet they see that more than purely economic interests, plans more far-reaching than the irrigation of a few hundred thousand acres of fertile land, lie behind the ambitious system of dams and reservoirs and canals and irrigation ditches now under construction along the Upper Nile. To be sure, so long as this development is governed by purely economic considerations, it will redound to the benefit of both countries. With careful regulation, there is enough water for both Sudan and Egypt. But the Egyptians feel they must control the Sudan to protect themselves from political duress by an unfriendly influence there. England feels that she must hold the Sudan in order to ensure the safety of the Suez Canal. So that has become the critical issue between the two Governments.

The Egyptians are passionately demanding the complete political union of the two countries. The English insist that the Sudanese are completely satisfied with the British administration, and would not at any price submit to Egyptian rule. The Cairo Nationalists deny this, and even go so far as to say: 'If the Sudanese will not let us rule them, it would be better for them to rule us than for the two countries to be separated.' Of course, such professions must not be taken literally, — they are merely rhetorical, — but they show how vitally important this matter is in Egyptian eyes. The people realize that, whatever guaranties may be given them, independence will be but a myth unless they control the Sudan.

A second great question is the Caliphate. Arabian papers recently published a cartoon showing Kemal Pasha perched in the top of a high palm tree bearing the word 'Caliphate,' sawing through the trunk below him. Beneath the tree stands a man in a mantle and a turban, representing 'the Islamic World,' who warns him with great alarm that he is severing his own support, and will also fall when the top of the palm tree falls.

Indeed, it seems to me beyond doubt that Turkey has isolated herself from the rest of Islam by her recent action. The unbounded popularity which the Angora Government enjoyed in Egypt a year ago has utterly vanished. In fact, Turkey is now the least popular country in the Near East — only less

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popular than the European colonial Powers. Her attitude at Lausanne, where she refused to interest herself in the independence of Egypt and other Arabian states, and defended exclusively Turkish interests, had already weakened faith in her ideal leadership. To be sure, the coronation of Abdul Medjid as Caliph was greeted with enthusiasm as testifying to the purification and rejuvenescence of Islam; but what has followed — culminating in the arbitrary abolition of the Caliphate — has more than disillusioned the Egyptian Arabs: it has deeply wounded their religious feelings.

An opinion prevails among the clergy that the only solution is to summon a general council of the Mohammedan world to settle the whole question. No one considers seriously recognizing King Hussein, who was recently proclaimed Caliph in Hejaz and Transjordania. Arabian papers refer to him as the 'Reuter Caliph.' Some people in Egypt advocate conferring the title upon King Fuad; but they propose a separate Egyptian Caliph rather than a single head for all followers of the faith. This idea of dividing the Islamic world into state churches, so to speak, seems to be gaining ground.

There is another school of thinkers, including some of the most influential and scholarly Mohammedans, that opposes any 'political Caliphate.' They ask if the time has not passed when the Caliph was chiefly 'Commander of the Faithful.' Has the militant propagation of Islamism not become an anachronism? Does that mean decline? By no means. The age calls for a purely spiritual head of the Faith, a leader commanding the minds and consciences, not the swords, of his followers, a Caliph of the heart, a Caliph without territories and armies, a spiritual leader who will exact not blind obedience but trust. And it would be immaterial whether such a Caliph lived in India, Egypt, Afghanistan, or Tripoli.

# STRATEGIC SUDAN

## BY A BRITISH CORRESPONDENT

From the *Morning Post, May* 2, 3, 6, 7, 8
(London Tory Daily)

It would be idle to attempt to draw definite conclusions regarding the future of the Sudanese from the facts apparent to-day, because the Sudan is only now being redeemed, organized, and developed, and it is impossible to forecast in precisely what direction the thoughts of the people will expand. At present the economic foundation is being laid with scientific thoroughness, and the commercial structure is rising at a speed which the natives find it difficult to comprehend. But the spread of education among the youths of the country is compulsorily slow, and among the girls it is slower still. Therefore the country is being developed ahead of the men, and the men are developing ahead of the women.

The great economic works in the



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Gezira and in the eastern Sudan are already paying dividends to the country, and the standard of living is improving in these districts in particular, and more slowly in the country in general. Taught by the schoolmaster on the one side, receiving a better and wider conception of life from the example and precept of the Anglo-Egyptian Administration's doctor and officials, and from the four main missionary organizations throughout the Sudan, regaining the self-respect almost atrophied by the Egypto-Turkish maladministration in the nineteenth century, and enabled to earn a compound increase of wealth, and so gradually improve their standard of living, the men of the Sudan are emerging with almost bewildering rapidity on to the steep slope of civilization.

Up to the beginning of the present century, the population never had a chance to attain anything in life beyond a very precarious and primitive existence. There have been no institutions to spread knowledge, no contact with Western progress, no steady infiltration of influences which would redeem the people from their savage state. Enclosed within their own dark environment, the tribes of the Sudan inevitably sank to successive depths of degradation and savagery, until they reached a stage where the strongest section of the community lived mainly by preying upon the weaker. For centuries the local rulers exerted themselves only against rivals, or in raiding the southern villages to capture the slaves which represented the currency and labor of the country.

In 1819 Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, determined to open up the Sudan — whether in pursuit of resources of wealth and men, or to satisfy an insatiate ambition, or both, is for the historian to decide. His sons carried on his scheme. In 1861 Sir Samuel Baker organized an expedition, via Khartum, for the purpose of making independent investigations concerning the sources of the Nile, and his description of the Sudan at this period gives a melancholy picture of provinces utterly ruined and governed only by military force. He told of a paralyzed country, of the venality, oppression, extortion, lack of public security, economic stagnation, and appalling poverty, and the ravages of the slave trade which had followed in the train of the establishment of the Egypto-Turkish Administration. But the crisis did not come until 1881. In that year a sheik named Mohammed Ahmed, a son of a boat-builder, and a native of Dongola, announced himself as the Mahdi, or the mysterious and long-hidden twelfth Imam.

'What a theme is his,' says Sir Reginald Wingate, in his work on Mahdism. 'No orator in France in 1792 could speak of oppression that here in the Sudan was not doubled. None could address the long-enslaved crowds in France with an effect that here in the passionate souls of these ignorant men was not trebled in intensity. What need of description when he could use denunciation: when he could stretch forth his lean arm and point to the tax-gatherer, who twice, three times, and yet again, carried off the last goat, the last bundle of durra straw from yon miserable man who listened with intent eyes.'

This man, with the 'strong head and clear mental vision,' soon had a large army at his back to challenge Egypto-Turkish misrule over the Sudan. Expedition after expedition was sent against him, from 1882 on. January 26, 1885, his Dervishes captured Khartum and decapitated Gordon. On the fourteenth of June, 1885, the Mahdi died of some disease, probably typhoid.

There is not space here to detail the steps that led to the destruction of the

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Dervish power. On September 2, 1898, the Caliph's army was completely defeated at the Battle of Omdurman by the Anglo-Egyptian army under Kitchener. This was followed by the submission of practically the whole country formerly under Egyptian authority. On January 19, 1899, the Anglo-Egyptian Condominium regarding the Sudan was signed at Cairo. It provides that 'the British and Egyptian flags shall be used together, both on land and water throughout the Sudan,' and that 'the supreme military and civil command shall be vested in one officer termed the Governor-General of the Sudan.'

Since the beginning of the twentieth century the pages of a new chapter of Sudanese history have turned. Rays from the outer world have begun to pierce the darkness. The utter absence of any satisfactory social system meant that the new Administration had to evolve a new social order. Conditions and methods of life have had to be changed and are still being changed. The younger generation is being brought up in a new atmosphere, and is becoming familiar not merely with the higher standard of living, but with certain trends of thought which hitherto could never be appreciated by the Sudanese on account of the appalling ignorance of the natives. The spread of education has commenced to revivify the Sudan's political personality. The intelligentsia — as yet only an infinitesimal percentage of the whole population — is already beginning to ask whither the country is being led, and there are frequent signs in the Sudan to-day of the inception of a Nationalist movement analogous to those of Egypt and India. It would be absurd to state that this movement yet possesses any vitality. But its existence is significant.

The Sudan is divided into fifteen provinces. In the capital of each province resides a Governor who is not merely a British official, but an official who has proved to the satisfaction of superior authority that he is competent to fill a post where personality, firmness, tact, patience, and initiative leavened by a shrewd common-sense and wide knowledge are the primary qualifications. Each province is divided up into different districts, each district is administered, in the broad sense of the term, by a British District Commissioner. In the more densely populated areas there is generally an Assistant Commissioner who, while assisting the Commissioner in controlling the district, is graduating in the school of experience for elevation ultimately to commissionership. Each District Commissioner has also several police officers to help him in the maintenance of the law. These are generally Egyptians, and in many cases have proved efficient and faithful assistants.

It would be absurd to suppose that in a vast province like the Bahr-el-Ghazal, in the equatorial regions of the Sudan, where only primitive communications exist, and where the Negroids are still pagans, superstitious, and ignorant, the lone British officials, scattered in far-flung outposts, could manage the natives by direct rule. But it is neither the policy nor the wish of the Administration to do so.

Before the advent of the West into this dark region the respective tribes had systems of government of their own. In the Sudan the patriarchal system has flourished since the earliest days. If the Administration suddenly made an enthusiastic effort to impose an exotic system of government upon a race inflexibly conservative, the ultimate result must be the destruction of the only system of local government which the natives can comprehend. Apart, therefore, from the fact that a few white men could not hope to govern by absolute direct rule the huge prov-

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inces in the wilds of Central Africa, where transport facilities are primitive, and where every small district has a dialect of its own, it is obvious that it would be injudicious to attempt to do so. Experience gained elsewhere teaches that it is imperative, first of all, to safeguard, then stabilize, and ultimately to guide and develop the indigenous system.

In the years immediately after the reoccupation, the natives found it such a boon to be able to go to the representative of the Government and lay before him a case of real or fancied injustice that in the course of time not only did the practice begin to threaten the usefulness of the District Commissioner himself — who was fast becoming nothing more than a petty magistrate dealing with ancient disputes involving a sum of sixpence or less — but it was tending also to destroy the influence of the village or tribal sheiks. The moment the trend of affairs was realized the Administration amended its policy. The sheik of the tribe or village was encouraged to settle minor disputes as chairman of a board of arbitration, and to deal with petty crimes and wrongs. Notables have also been appointed all over the country as magistrates under the Code of Criminal Procedure.

Those acquainted with the East may argue that this delegation of local administrative authority to native leaders is reopening the doors to that venality which was the bane of the old Sudan Administration. To a very slight extent, to a negligible extent, this may be true. But while the Government will at all times support the authority of the local chiefs, it is not prepared to maintain in his position a man who is not wanted by the people. If the sheik is incompetent, weak, rapacious, extortionate, or in any other way a person to whom the community strongly objects, the obvious remedy is at hand. A deputation merely has to point it out to the District Commissioner, on behalf of the people, the matter is taken up, and, if the allegations are substantiated, the sheik is deposed, and the chosen of the villagers appointed in his place.

Through the village sheik and on through the District Commissioner, thence to the Governor-General's office, there is a clear and permanent channel of communication through which every phase of native thought inevitably flows. If the Government desires to reverse the process, the organization is there. If the Administration desires to impart to the people certain information which it is essential should be conveyed to them, the facts are sent to the Governors of the respective provinces, who in turn convene the sheiks of the various tribes and pass the message on to them. The sheiks on return to their villages propagate the news. The system is simple but very effective; it is, indeed, the only possible system in a country which has no press, and where only a fractional percentage of the population is literate.

The keynote to the development of the Sudan is water, and most large schemes of expansion must be dependent upon the waters of the Nile. In the southern areas the importance of the Nile water is less as the heavy tropical rainfall suffices for the needs of the limited cultivation. These equatorial regions have not yet been reclaimed, and cannot possibly be exploited for some considerable time to come.

The immense strides taken by Egyptian cultivation during the past half-century may well illustrate the possibilities of the Sudan, where certain portions — more especially the Gezira Province — bear a close resemblance, in physical conditions, to rural Egypt prior to the construction of the irrigation canals. Supplied with the necessary water, these tracts may rival in

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wealth and productiveness the most fertile acres in the Land of Khem. But in the words 'necessary water' is concealed a problem of the first magnitude.

The summer supply of water is insufficient to meet the growing needs of both Egypt and the Sudan. Pending the construction of irrigation works to store part of the flood waters which annually flow to waste in the Mediterranean, thousands of acres of arable land, capable of producing cotton and foodstuffs, must lie desolate and unused. The Main Nile, which flows from the confluence of the White and Blue Niles at Khartum, through Nubia and Egypt to the Mediterranean, has been dammed at Aswan and regulating barrages have been built downstream of that dam to serve the huge irrigation system of Lower Egypt. Thus little can be done in Egypt to augment the Nile's supply. If further control is to be exercised, it must be primarily on the Blue Nile or the White Nile, and ultimately on the upper reaches of those rivers.

The Blue and White Niles enclose a triangular tract, which contains some 3,000,000 acres of cultivable land, known as the Gezira plain. Following a series of agricultural experiments authorized by the Government in 1911, the decision was taken to irrigate and develop a portion of the Gezira. The scheme has grown until to-day the Sudan Plantations Syndicate holds a charter to develop 300,000 acres, to be irrigated by a canal system fed from Makwar.

In 1904 the Egyptian Government authorized the Sudan Government to abstract from the Nile annually summer water sufficient for the irrigation of 10,000 acres of summer crops. In 1909 this figure was increased to 20,000 acres, consequent on the heightening of Aswan Dam. Subsequently it was arranged that the Sudan should be allowed to cultivate 300,000 acres of the gross area of three millions in the Gezira plain, on the understanding that the Sudan Government would conserve a proportionate volume of the flood water by the erection of a dam at Makwar on the Blue Nile.

The first appropriations for this dam were made in 1913. Construction was delayed by the war, but is now being actively prosecuted.

Down wind, the air was a scorching blast; all around us the heat shimmered above the dry, waterless black and gold of the desert, the dusky earth accentuating the golden sheen of the undulating *naal* grass. I was in a Ford, racing from Hag Abdulla, a little north of Makwar, to Wad Medani, the headquarters of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate; racing over mile after mile of terrible, utter desolation, mirages of delicious lakes of silvery water and luscious clumps of vegetation serving only to accentuate the heat and desolation. Over this 'no man's land' we were racing by the line of the main canal, which is destined to carry water from the dam to this arid zone. Suddenly we topped a small rise, and there before us was the story of the Gezira, told in one convincing picture.

Stretching to the horizon were countless acres of waving cotton-plants. On the one hand the desert, bare, arid, shimmering; on the other, the transformation: the soft, swaying carpet of green spangled with the snowy bolls of cotton. From the desert the air was stifling, from the cotton-fields the wind was cool and soothing. Man had brought the water to the desert; the desert had nobly responded. Here was the synopsis of the wonderful story of the victory of British brains and money in the Sudan — a story of redemption and development, a story of tropical Africa being made to bloom like the green Sussex weald lands.

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Time is the essence of the contract which has been made between the Sudan Government and the British firm of contractors, for to fulfill the contract 1,300,000 tons of masonry, iron, and steel must be flung across the Blue Nile by July 15, 1925, and rush work must be the order of every working day.

I visited the dam in the freshness of a spring morning. The scene was enthralling. From the south, the Nile flowed sluggishly around the bend, and crept gradually toward the sudd which has been thrown from the east bank halfway across the river to divert the river into the narrow channel at our feet. From the west bank the dam has been built some forty or fifty metres across, and through the opened sluice-gates the eddying current frothed into the placid reach downstream. From the edge of this channel the rocky, irregular bed of the river lay exposed. With feverish haste, yet with jest and snatches of song, thousands of Upper Egyptian laborers swarmed in seemingly inextricable confusion, hewing the rock, excavating the soft mud; blue-robed masons cemented into position the blocks of granite, swung down into the pit by long-armed cranes.

The sun had not yet risen above the eastern parapet; down in the shadows there was a Dantesque scene, an unreal, shadowy limbo, where thousands of men, white, black, and brown, were racing feverishly against time. The rainy season and the flood are coming, and in that time no man may work on the river at Makwar. Before the flood comes, tempestuous and pitiless, the dam must be raised to a level which will give it the necessary strength to resist successfully the turbulence of the river. Cranes rumbled and hissed, fussy little engines tugged trucks of stone or cement into the very bed of the river itself, mammoth pumps ejected the water which seeped into the foundation of the pit, huge dredgers belched the silt from downstream to reënforce the southern sudd, while harassed engineers raced from point to point inspecting, examining, testing, directing. It was a gigantic struggle against tide and time.

The dam will be 3025 metres long and its maximum height 33 metres. The cube of the masonry will total 423,000 and the masonry itself will weigh 973,000 tons. The ironwork will weigh 3300 tons. The openings of the dam will consist of 80 main sluices, 14 canal regulator sluices, and 112 spillways. The capacity of the reservoir will be 636,000,000 cubic metres of water as compared with 2,420,000,000 in the Aswan Reservoir. The canalization system is proceeding with the same feverish haste and in its excavation some 13,000,000 cubic metres of soil have to be removed. The excavation is being carried out by means of American 'Bucyrus' dragline excavators, or steam-shovels. With the exception of the Bucyrus excavators, all machinery and other imported material has been brought from Great Britain. The stone and granite are obtained from local quarries, and, consequent on the discovery of an ample supply of limestone in the vicinity of the works, a cement factory has been installed, which manufactures the cement required.

On the White Nile another dam will eventually be constructed. This will be built at Gebel Aulia and will harness the waters of the quiet White Nile, mainly for the benefit of Egypt. As the project is still under consideration by the Egyptian Government it is enough to say that its eventual construction is certain, as it forms an integral part of a chain of irrigation works, of which the Makwar Dam is a link, to control the Nile properly. I understand that a recent survey has

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shown that the Gebel Aulia Dam can store as much water as Aswan.

Between the Nile and the Red Sea is another plain of black cotton soil. Beyond producing a few rain crops and pasture for the herds of the nomadic Arabs, this area has never been exploited. Now canals are being cut through the southern edge of the plain through the delta of the River Gash, and a railway line is creeping forward, steadily, to link it up with the markets of the world. This is the land of Kipling's immortal 'Fuzzies,' but on the map it is marked as the Kassala Province, with Kassala, the capital, some 250 miles to the east of Khartum. Within recent months the Kassala Cotton Company has been granted a forty-year concession to develop this great plain, and a Kassala Railway Company has been formed which has pushed forward a line that already connects this district with the existing railway from Khartum to the Red Sea.

# FOLLOWING THE CALIPH

## BY DOCTOR WOLFGANG WEISL

From *Neue Freie Presse, April* 15, 16, 19, 24 and 29
(Vienna Liberal Daily)

Early in March I left Vienna, to interview King Hussein, who had just been proclaimed, at Shuni, Caliph of Transjordania, Mesopotamia, and Hejaz. A rough passage to Alexandria, a day lost with costly customs formalities in that city, and I was at length on what I trusted would be the last stage of my journey. The railway trip from Alexandria to Kantara on the Suez Canal and from there to Jerusalem has often been described. Baedeker says: 'The moonlight is very beautiful on the Suez Canal — the economic boundary between Egypt and Palestine, between Africa and Asia.' Such a visible dividing line between two continents aroused in me only unromantic memories of my geography teacher. The brilliant stars in the heavens above were reflected in the Canal's placid surface. A young girl, the daughter of a German clergyman, who was on her way to join her Arab husband in Palestine, inquired: 'Tell me, Doctor, is that really the Jordan?'

When I said no, an American asked impatiently: 'What river is it, then? There is no other river in Palestine.'

This was my introduction to the Holy Land. The trip across Sinai Peninsula is tedious, although a glorious experience on camel's back. Upon the latter one is conscious of the vast reaches of the desert, of its loneliness, of its nearness to God. On the railway the landscape is prosaic and monotonous, even in the mystery-breathing brilliance of a full moon. At length glimpses of vegetation began to appear at intervals. Signs of spring multiplied as we advanced, although the treeless plains were barren and cheerless until we came to the first Jewish settlements on both sides of the line. There we saw orchards and gardens and groves, and Jews working in the fields, their

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colonies like Hebrew islands in an Arabian sea of stone and sand.

At Jerusalem I hastily secured a visa and an automobile and hurried on to the land of the Ammonites. The road from Jerusalem to Jericho is good, although there is a tremendous descent within twenty miles, from the former city, nearly three thousand feet above the sea, to the latter, twelve hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. My chauffeur, stimulated by the promise of an extra tip, drove at a reckless pace. The hills on either hand fairly flew past us, but I had time to observe that the country was by no means as wild and romantic as I had imagined. I looked in vain for some point where the robbers of the Bible story might have lurked. An hour after leaving Jerusalem we were on the plains of Jericho. The valley of the Jordan is magnificent — broad, dignified, retiring, self-contained. On the west the mountains of Judæa rose nearly four thousand feet above the water. On the east extended the blue ranges of Gilead, much higher than those of Judæa. To the south lay the sparkling, glittering mirror of the Dead Sea, dimpling in the morning sun.

The valley is sterile and uninhabited, for the Jordan runs through a deep alluvial gorge. Its fertilizing waters mingle uselessly with the salt waters beyond. There is not a dam to check its course, nor a pump to quench the thirst of its dusty banks. Yet the valley might support several hundred thousand people; it might be a bower of palms and bananas, a garden of rice and sugar cane and cotton and coffee; the consumptives of the whole world might find a sanitarium here, less than an hour's journey from Jerusalem. But the Arabs say no. The people of Jericho will not sell land to the Jews. So the banks of the Jordan remain what they have been for centuries — a desert supporting only a few grazing camels and a thin girdle of palms and fruit trees surrounding Jericho itself, to remind us that this whole region was once a paradise.

Beyond Jericho we came to a quarantine station: soldiers, a barbed-wire barricade, then an ugly little bridge on stone piers. On the west bank stood an English sentry, on the east a detachment of Emir Abdallah's men. This is where Joshua crossed the Jordan when he led Israel to the land of Israel. Legends of three thousand years brood over these rapid waters. On the stone embankment of the bridge a name and a date are carved. Is it the name of Joshua, the son of Nun? Is it the name of John the Baptist? Is it the name of Jesus, Son of Mary? No, another is immortalized in this holy spot: Allenby, the English general who built the bridge in 1919; and the mute stone submits!

The road beyond the Jordan is very poor compared with those of Palestine. There are almost no inhabitants, although this region is among the best watered and most fertile in western Asia. A thicket of oleanders shaded the road, and the air was heavy with the perfume of their white and yellow blossoms. Everywhere I could hear the murmur of brooks: water, living water! A treasure, but a treasure that no one uses. At Shuni, on the bank of the stream of the same name, a dozen Bedouin families huddled in smoke-blackened mud-huts.

The road follows Wadi Shaib, which has cut for itself a deep channel through the soft limestone of the hills. Halfway to Es Salt signs of cultivation appeared. The narrow ribbon of land between the highway and the river was cultivated. Now and then we passed a hut built against the steep banks. At length we came to a mill and a little later to a miserable village. Just be-

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yond lay Es Salt, the capital of the district. Hardly pausing to glance at the place, I hastened on over the treeless hills of Gilead to Amman, where Emir Abdallah resides.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when I reached my destination, to learn that King Hussein had just left for Maan.

'If you hurry, you may catch him at the station.'

A punctured tire, five minutes' delay securing another car, and I was off to the railway station, three or four miles beyond the town. When I arrived, the station-master said: 'The King left for Arabia half an hour ago.'

Learning that one of the infrequent trains was due an hour or so later, and that I might overtake the new Caliph at Maan, one hundred and fifty miles southward on the pilgrim road to Mecca, I hurriedly made arrangements to continue my journey to that point. The first third of the way was through prairie country susceptible of cultivation. There was some herbage, and camels and sheep were grazing on the hillsides. Occasionally a tilled field was visible. Then every vestige of life vanished and there was nothing but desert as far as the eye could reach. This part of Arabia is not a land of sand-dunes like the Sinai Peninsula, or of rocky wastes like the Libyan mountains; it is as flat, hard, and dry as a parade ground — an unbroken level except far to the west where the purple peaks that divide Arabia from the Dead Sea, and completely cut off the rain-bearing winds, shimmer on the remote horizon. The soil is as black as if it had been scorched by a prairie fire — but no grass has ever grown here. Even in the spring only an isolated plant nods a shrinking head here and there, in the tiny hollows where a few drops of moisture have gathered after a passing shower. The basalt boulders, scattered about as far as the vision reaches, are also black. Hour after hour our train toiled through this desert, a copper heaven above us, the black plain beneath us, and not a human being, not a beast, not even a bird in sight.

Imperceptibly the road rises toward Maan, which lies more than three thousand feet above the sea, or higher than the Semmering. Yet I did not have the sensation of being upon a plateau. The mountains of Judæa, two or three thousand feet high, give the impression of a lofty range; but the desert of Arabia suggests a desolate lowland waste. Nor has it historical associations for a Westerner. Every stone of Palestine, every hill of the Libyan solitudes, is like a message from the ancient world, and even the deserts there harbor some form of life; but this land is a vacuum.

About ten o'clock the following morning we reached Maan, a miserable little town occupying a tiny basin in the mountains by the side of a spring. The Caliph and his two eldest sons were camped near the railway station to receive the homage of the Bedouins of the district. The station, which consists of four or five stone buildings, was decorated in a modest way. What was intended for an arch of triumph had been erected before the main building, which the Caliph and his Foreign Minister occupied; but the wooden posts that carried the banners and pennants of the Shereef were of unequal height and by no means perpendicular. A guard of honor was stationed before the door, but their guns were slung across their shoulders by pieces of rope instead of straps, and their shoes were laced with twine. The country is very poor.

Sheik Fuad, the Caliph's Premier, received me immediately and ordered coffee — the unsweetened Bedouin

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brew that it is so difficult to like after one has tasted Turkish coffee.

He opened the conversation by explaining: 'I am no politician. I hate politics. I 'm a poet. I love poetry. I am trying to waken a new spirit in the Arabian people by my poems. Because I have succeeded to some extent in that, because my reputation as a writer has become known throughout the Arabian countries, I have been appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs. But I do not understand anything about this business and cannot talk to you about politics!'

A rather clever evasion! Maan was not exactly the place where you would expect to find a Prime Minister who professed to be only a poet. I thought of Richelieu, who wrote dramas as a change from making world history. The Sheik chatted on about the new Caliph: 'You 'll see what a great man he is. You can talk to him freely. His Majesty will be just as frank to you. The King is a good man — almost too good. People take advantage of his kindness.'

I could understand that the King's ministers might be a little uneasy when he talked to Europeans. The Caliph is impulsive and makes statements that a cool-headed diplomat would avoid. Moreover his position is difficult. France is opposing him in Syria. He will lose the support of the Palestine Arabs if he accepts even tacitly the Balfour declaration, but he will incur the hostility of the Jews and the English if he rejects it. He still has powerful enemies — Sultan Saud, Prince of the Wahabites, the restless Imam Yahia of Yemen, to say nothing of his rivals in Egypt and Morocco, and watchful Angora. Whatever he says is sure to offend somebody.

Indeed, the Caliphate has added heavily to King Hussein's burdens. His previous policy had been concentrated upon creating a greater Arabian Empire, to embrace the whole Peninsula and its adjacent territories as far as Persia and Anatolia. He reigns in Hejaz with his eldest son Ali; his second son, Emir Abdallah, reigns in Transjordania, and his third son, Feisal, King of Irak, in Mesopotamia. Thus his family already holds sway over more than half of Arabia. While he was zealously laboring to consolidate this control, to extend it to Palestine and Syria, and to substitute Arabia for Turkey as the dominant Mohammedan Power in the Near East, the abolition of the Constantinople Caliphate suddenly revolutionized the political situation.

King Hussein, as the most powerful Mohammedan Prince, as ruler of Mecca and Medina, and as Shereef, almost automatically took the deposed Caliph's place. His interest in erecting a great Arab federation under his secular sway was suddenly extinguished, for the King of Hejaz must now shape his policies toward a more exalted end. He could not be Caliph merely of the Arabs, he must be Caliph of the whole Mohammedan world. New difficulties and new enemies rose to meet him. But since he has been proclaimed head of the faith his power and prestige have grown tremendously, with consequences impossible to measure.

Hitherto Mecca has been only the spiritual centre of Islam; its political centre has been in succession Bagdad, Damascus, Cairo, and Constantinople. For the first time since Mohammed's immediate successors the fountainheads of governmental and of religious authority are united. The Caliph rules the faithful from Mecca. The hosts of pilgrims who flock each year to that city from all quarters of the world will henceforth pay homage there to the highest prince of their faith, *Emir al Muminin*. New force may flow forth

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from Mecca to reform the Islamic world — perhaps.

Sheik Fuad preceded me to the royal audience hall, which was separated from the railway waiting-room by a red-cotton curtain, guarded by a huge Black with a silver-hilted dagger in his girdle. The Caliph was sitting in an easy-chair by the window. At first he motioned me to a chair on his right, but when the interpreting proved difficult he requested me to sit facing him. He spoke vivaciously, and after the first few words drew his feet up on the easy-chair, and perched there with his legs crossed under him tailor-fashion. I must confess that this Oriental attitude had its æsthetic advantages. The chairs occupied by the Minister and myself remained ordinary chairs, but the precisely similar chair where the white-bearded King sat thus enthroned seemed like a royal dais.

I felt that I was talking with a spiritual leader rather than with a secular sovereign — with a sort of Mohammedan Pope. I felt distinctly that the former Shereef of Mecca attached far less importance to his royalty than to his position as Caliph. We talked for nearly two hours and a half, and during all that time the Caliphate was foremost in King Hussein's mind. Whenever we touched on a purely political theme, the monarch invariably led it from the political into the spiritual and religious field.

I mentioned Jewish immigration to Palestine, saying that Jews wished to migrate there because they were persecuted in most parts of the world and had no home of their own. The King said at once: 'Let them come. Let them come. Let them come to every part of Arabia, not merely to Palestine!'

Then, throwing open his mantle and striking his breast, he said: 'Let the Jews come to my heart. I 'll receive them!'

Naturally this was not an official pronouncement on the Palestine question. The Zionists are seeking something besides one more country to which they can migrate. They are looking for a land where Jewish settlers will not be at the mercy of official favor and popular prejudice. None the less, the Caliph's remark was more than a mere gesture of courtesy; it was typical of the deeply religious and spiritual character of the man. He spoke like one who consciously felt himself God's vicar and instrument.

After our interview, a soldier was ordered to escort me to Maan, where a room had been assigned me, 'as the King's guest,' at the house of the District Supervisor. So I set forth across the desert in the hot midday sun, followed by my Arabian servant and accompanied by the soldier with my trunk, to where the Maan oasis lies ensconced among the barren sand-dunes. An oasis? You must not imagine an island of green verdure and murmuring waters, set like an emerald in a yellow waste of sand and stones, and inviting the weary wanderer to rest in its refreshing bowers. Such oases as that are confined to school-books conscientiously written to give children an accurate impression of unknown countries. In reality the difference between this oasis and the neighboring desert, where absolutely nothing grows, is barely noticeable. There is a spring whose overflow vanishes in a gravel bed a hundred yards away. Five or six palm trees lift their tasselly heads above the flat roofs of the village. A little strip of grass surrounds the spring. One more thing there is in Maan that is truly beautiful, entrancingly beautiful. Nestled against the walls of the town on its eastern side is a narrow belt of orchard; and at the time of my visit the trees were in full bloom. The tender red, white, and pink

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blossoms of the leafless pomegranate and almond trees bordered the yellow walls of sun-dried clay with a marvelous bracelet of color, like a picture in a fairy book. Beyond was a background of yellow hills; in the middle ground lay the yellow town, touched here and there with a dash of greenish blue where the date palms lifted their lacy heads; and in the foreground hung this thin girdle of red and pink — the faint blush of spring in the desert.

Maan is a poor, miserable little place. The houses are of sun-dried brick bound with straw, like those that the children of Israel made in Egypt. The streets are narrow and rutty, but fairly clean and almost deserted. The people are poor. Their mudir said to me mournfully as his eyes swept over the place: 'A man in Maan with five thousand dollars would be rich as a lord.'

My host's residence had two courts, one in front, and a larger enclosure behind with cisterns and a garden about six feet square. In one corner of this interior court were the kitchen and the servants' quarters; in a second corner, the stable; while the other side was occupied by the office and residence of the mudir, which were combined in a single room. The chief ornament of this apartment was an ugly rug hanging on the wall, with a woven portrait of the Palestine High Commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel. This was no evidence of that gentleman's popularity, because not a person in Maan was aware of whom the picture represented. When I told the proud owner, it appeared that neither he nor any of his townsmen knew who did rule Palestine. My host had heard that the Turks had been driven out, but had not bothered to learn who had taken their place.

The rug with the High Commissioner's portrait was surrounded by a circle of colored postal cards, mostly from Paris, representing flashy ladies in scant costume or no costume at all, together with a couple of Easter cards from Vienna. The only other evidence of the proud march of Western civilization into these hitherto secluded and barbarous regions was two crossed toothbrushes attached to the wall as a decoration, much as our Corps students adorn their chambers with crossed foils. Three beds, a table, and three European chairs completed the furnishing of the apartment.

A constant succession of Arab visitors came in. They squatted with great dignity beside the wall, looked at me seriously and sympathetically, asked me where I came from and where I was going and what I had come for, and then departed. Conversation was somewhat difficult. My Arabian is by no means fluent, and there was not a person in the village who knew a word of any European tongue.

Next morning, as I was busy with my writing, my servant rushed into the room crying: 'Sid Ali is waiting for you, sir! Come at once!'

Sid Ali is the heir apparent, the oldest son of Hussein. I started to gather up my papers. My servant fairly danced with impatience.

'Quick, quick, sir — Ali is waiting! The horses are at the door!'

I ran to the door, where three magnificent Arab steeds were indeed standing ready. Mounting without further parley, I galloped through the town and across the bridge toward the station. My companions were not satisfied with my speed.

'Quicker, quicker, sir! Ali is waiting!'

I gave my horse free rein and we sped on at a rate that I had never before seen — far less shared — on horseback. The ground literally flew beneath us. My companions, who naturally had given me the best horse,

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were left behind. I overtook an automobile hurrying toward the station and left it likewise far behind me. I turned a corner: before me was a square filled with soldiers and spectators, and a military band playing an Arabian march.

Springing from the saddle, I hurried toward a group of men, in the midst of whom I caught sight of the dark-brown mantle of Emir Ali. The whole court had gathered around the Caliph, who was to hold a review.

To-day the King wore a snow-white burnoose and a red-checked kaffiyeh or headcloth, held in place by a white band. He was seated, and at his side was his guest of honor, an Indian prince from the Afghan border, who was visiting him on his pilgrimage to Mecca. All the others were standing. On the King's left were Prince Ali in a white mantle and Abdallah Ali in a brown mantle, both wearing magnificent gold-hilted scimitars in their sashes. I never saw the Caliph bearing arms. Behind the King stood his ministers in their official robes and uniforms. The only Europeans present were an English sanitary officer, the chief of the Danish Palestine expedition, and myself. We were grouped on the sovereign's right. Four mounted guns and four machine-guns were stationed opposite the King. The review began just as I arrived.

First came the military band, which turned sharp to the right, formed left front, and stood facing us. Unfortunately they played the same tune over and over again during the whole review. I had learned it by heart at the third repetition; but the musicians were not so lucky. Following the band came a detachment of forty or fifty horsemen, and then an infantry regiment of five or six hundred men.

They marched in good order, better than I expected. The regimental colors were dipped to salute the King, who rose and saluted in return. The companies were well spaced and their officers made a good impression. But the soldiers were poorly equipped. Their uniforms looked as if they had been through the World War; their shoes were miserable; their rifles were well oiled and apparently well polished, but for the most part lacked straps. The men looked haggard and underfed. Practically all the officers were of the Semitic type, but the common soldiers were predominantly Negroid, most of them black, with thick lips, woolly hair, retreating foreheads, flat noses, and almost no calves. In spite of these racial differences, I could not discover that any social distinction is made between white, brown, and blaek Arabs. The Arabian aristocrats attach the utmost importance to purity of blood, but they treat the Blacks as social equals.

The Bedouins of the neighborhood, eight or nine hundred footmen and two hundred men on camels, marched behind the regular troops. They made a glorious picture — no longer a Potsdam in the desert, but the unspoiled Orient. Every man who could carry a gun was present. They were grouped according to tribes — fine, tall fellows in simple but picturesque mantles, their headcloths tied across their mouths, their guns over their shoulders. The camel-riders followed the footmen. From the strictly scenic standpoint they were the masterpiece of the parade, though they are not of much use in actual warfare. The riders in bright robes and brilliant neckcloths, their dark faces shining in the morning sun, all armed with guns and pistols, passed in single file, not in precise military order, but like the retinue of one of the ancient patriarchs.

Last of all came cavalry manœuvres. Officers first chased away a crowd of

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boys that had blocked the entrance to the parade ground. The camel-riders grouped themselves behind the field-guns, forming a most effective frame for the spectacle. The first evolution was to charge past the King in single file. I was somewhat disappointed. I imagined it more imposing — Arab cavalry! In the first place there were only a few — the forty or more riders who had led the parade. Each man saluted the King as he passed at a rapid gallop. A few sat finely in the saddle, but the others held their reins with both hands and merely turned their heads when they shouted: 'We are the slaves of our master!' One man tossed his gun in the air and caught it again — but only about twenty centimetres.

Passing through the circle of spectators at the other end of the grounds, the riders walked their horses around behind them to their starting-point, remounted, and passed the King again at a sharp gallop. This was repeated a third time. Then the Caliph rose and returned to his quarters. The parade was over.

Two days later — two days that passed like an hour — the King departed in an automobile to Akaba on the Red Sea, and the railway station at Maan was again as quiet and deserted as any properly conducted station on the Mecca railway should normally be.

During this interval I had several conversations with Arabian sheiks whom I met at a dinner in the tent of Emir Abdallah. The Sheik of Beni Sassar, who successfully defended Transjordania from a Wahabit raid last year, introduced our talk with the question: 'Who are you?'

I told him my name and where I came from. The Sheik inquired: 'What are you here for?'

'I came to see and to greet the King.'

'Only princes and emirs have the right to greet the King. Are you an emir?'

Icy silence on the part of the whole party. All the other sheiks stared at me intently and waited for my answer. I reflected a moment and replied: 'I am no prince. But what I write will be read by millions of men, and if I write good things about the King I may be of more use to him than if I were a sheik with a thousand warriors.'

Then a second sheik began to ask questions, this time concerning political matters. He came from Syria. What were my ideas of Palestine, Zionism, the English? It is an interesting fact that all the Arabs whom I met in the country east of the Jordan expressed practically the same opinion of Zionism. They blamed the Jews principally because they had given the English an excuse to take Palestine.

'Why did n't the Jews come directly to us, their brothers? Why are they hiding behind the English, who will betray them as they betrayed us?'

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# WEARY WATCHERS IN THE FROZEN NORTH

BY LINTON WELLS AND EDWARD B. SMITH

From the *Japan Advertiser, May* 14, 24
(TOKYO AMERICAN DAILY)

Two lithe, pulsant, vibrant ocean-greyhounds slipped quietly past the earthquake-battered breakwater of Yokohama Harbor shortly after one o'clock the afternoon of April 10, 1924.

Three days previous, just before dusk, they had slipped in just as unobtrusively, after the six days of rolling, tossing, pitching which had characterized their voyage from Manila.

They were the Ford and the Pope, chosen from among the destroyers of the Asiatic Fleet to penetrate the Arctic seas that kiss the ice-rimmed, snow-covered Kurile Islands, and there to render every assistance to the United States army airmen who are attempting to encircle the globe.

A hazardous undertaking, this — an undertaking which even many of the old-timers around Yokohama, men who had sailed these seas in almost every type vessel in almost every season, said was almost too venturesome so early in the season. But still, it was a duty to be performed as part of the day's work.

The Kurile Islands, bleak, forbidding, barren, almost unpopulated, form the eastern boundary of the Sea of Okhotsk, and extend in a nearly straight line in a northeast direction from the east coast of Yezo to the southern extremity of Kamchatka, a distance of about 630 miles. Their total area is about 2788 square miles, and they are possessions of Japan.

Fifty years ago the Kurile Islands were probably the most noted sea-otter hunting-grounds in the world, with the fur-seal a close second, but man's cupidity has resulted in their almost complete extermination. There were also countless beasts — wolves, foxes, river-otters, martens, sables, hares, squirrels, rats, and lemmings. The marine mammals comprised the sea-otter, fur-seal, sea-lion, hair-seal, whale, blackfish, killer, and porpoise. Birds were represented by about 170 species. To-day there are but negligible numbers of birds or mammals; but fish, mostly cod, abound and each summer small canneries located throughout the islands are dug from beneath tons of snow and operate for a few months.

Of volcanic origin, with high, majestic-appearing cones emitting sulphurous vapors that cause the eyes to smart; dirty-brown — sometimes black — in color where the deep snow has failed to withstand the heat of the lava-like terrain beneath, owing to countless hot springs, the Kurile Islands are almost the last word in utter desolation. They are repelling, yet they attract, particularly if one is so fortunate as to view them on a stilly Arctic night when a coldly beautiful moon has garbed them in a gown of purest silver.

It was toward these islands that the two American destroyers set their course, carrying fuel, spare parts for aircraft, and what not, to assist an undertaking against the success of which the odds were long. Fog, variable winds ranging from mild gales to hurricanes, snow, rain, and ice were the known dangers and discomforts, added to which were probably numerous uncharted submarine perils.



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Rolling and pitching, the two destroyers ploughed northward, ever northward, through the Roaring Forties, at a steady 15-knot clip, their first port of call Bettobu Bay, on the northern coast of Yetorofu Island, the use of which the Japanese Government had graciously granted as a temporary base for the American flyers. Shortly after noon, April 12, the destroyers encountered vast ice-fields glistening in the mild Arctic sunlight. . . .

An attempt to round the southern point of Yetorofu and proceed to Bettobu Bay through the Sea of Okhotsk resulted in failure: the narrow strait was a mass of ice, making passage impossible. Reversing his course, Captain Frost decided to cruise along the southeast coast of the island with the idea of trying to pass around its northern end early the next morning. From midafternoon of April 12 until midnight, the Ford and Pope skirted an extensive, ever-widening floe of ice.

A pale moon, occasionally hidden behind murky, drab-colored clouds, cast fantastic shadows over everything. The Ford, followed by the Pope, crept along the edge of a dimly visible gray line — the ice-floe. Fortunately the sea was like a millpond.

Occasionally speed was decreased when the visibility became too poor. No chances to be taken on a night like this, when the temperature of the injection water, as called through the voice tube running from engine-room to bridge, shows a fluctuation between 28 and 30 degrees Fahrenheit. One speculates as to how long one would live if cast into that preternaturally calm, slowly undulating sea. A minute, perhaps; the shock would stop heart-action.

The annunciators flash the word to the engine-room. 'Stop!' the pointers indicate. The Ford loses headway as it slips noiselessly through the water. An object ahead cannot be made out. Better to investigate first than afterward. Closer inspection reveals a fantastically formed shadow. A capricious moon is playing hide-and-seek with a cloud.

A chilly wind bites and stings the face, brings tears to the eyes as they are strained to see just a few yards farther than range of vision permits. Fingers and feet grow numb. But the vigil continues. So unrelenting is it that the Ford is continually changing course — a half-dozen times within the brief space of ten minutes, during one period from 30 degrees to 170. But shortly after midnight the field is passed and the destroyers continue onward.

On arriving at the northern end of Yetorofu, the next morning, that passage was found to be blocked by a floe equally impassable.

As a landing-place for seaplanes, Bettobu Bay had never been regarded optimistically. An open roadstead, it simply did not appear, from inspection of charts and carefully gathered data, to be what was required — a bay approximately two miles wide, well protected from wind, ice, and other dangers which might imperil four motherless seaplanes. Another bay, Hitokappu Wan, near the centre of the southeast coast of Yetorofu, appeared to Captain Frost as promising as any in that locality. So he decided to investigate it, and during the forenoon of April 13 the Ford and Pope dropped anchor in its quasi-placid waters.

The two Japanese liaison officers aboard the Ford, — there were also two aboard the Pope, — Lieutenant Saburo Yamaguchi, a naval aviator, and Captain Masao Yamase, of the army general staff, could not grant permission to use Hitokappu Wan as an air base, inasmuch as the orders issued specified that Bettobu Bay and

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no other should be used. They did, however, dispatch messages to Tokyo and the following day advices were received granting the desired permission.

Three Japanese destroyers — the Tokitsukaze, Isokaze, and Amatsukaze — arrived early in the evening of April 14. Two of them were to remain at Hitokappu Wan with the Pope and one at Kashiwabara Bay, Paramushiru Island, with the Ford.

Captain Frost had arranged to get under way for Kashiwabara Bay Tuesday morning, April 15, and at four o'clock went alongside the Pope to receive fuel. Before this was accomplished, a stiff gale had blown up and, abetted by a fog, made going to sea at once undesirable, as this would involve an excessive expenditure of fuel. However, at 12:30 noon, the Ford said au revoir to the inhospitable-appearing shores of Hitokappu Wan and set her course toward the north and the 'Frivolous Fifties.'

Hitokappu Wan appeared infinitely more attractive than the shores of Paramushiru and Shimushu when sighted on that dismal morning of April 17.

While Yetorofu was snow-covered and ice-fringed, there was at least a small colony of Japanese and Ainu fishermen and, it was reported, considerable game to add zest to the business of living. But as the Ford nosed her way up Little Kurile Strait, a narrow stretch of tricky, turbulent water separating Paramushiru from Shimushu, those two islands actually exuded inhospitality.

To port were the high, snow-buried hills and valleys of Paramushiru and Kashiwabara Bay, in which the Ford had been instructed to anchor; to starboard were the unattractive lowlands of Shimushu.

Disagreeable weather — a strong southerly gale and strong tides, combined with poor holding-ground, as evidenced by the chart — decided Captain Frost to look elsewhere for a berth, so the Ford steamed past Kashiwabara Bay and its deserted, half-buried collection of nondescript huts into the Sea of Okhotsk, and dropped anchor in Cod Bay, at the extreme northwesterly end of Shimushu, where a good lee from the gale was afforded.

There she lay until three o'clock the following afternoon, when the wind shifted from offshore and around the compass to northwest and made putting to sea immediately a vital necessity. Until daylight the Ford cruised offshore. Cod Bay having proved a treacherous haven, Captain Frost decided to give Kashiwabara Bay a chance to show her worth, and about six in the morning the Ford dropped anchor in the cold, churning waters of this almost unprotected, out-of-the-way bay and prepared to await the arrival of the intrepid airmen then winging their way along the shores of Alaska.

Cold, dreary days and nights of waiting off Paramushiru.

An occasional exploring tour ashore, ploughing waist-deep through snow, the very sight of which makes the eyes ache.

Never-changing scenery: ice and snow-covered hills, and valleys buried beneath blue-colored snow fifty, seventy-five, a hundred feet — quién sabe?

Continually shifting winds; a barometer that fluctuates like the stock market during a bear raid; tide-rips that threaten to pile the Ford on the rock and sand beach.

Sleeping, reading, eating, bridging, discoursing. Time passes — somehow.

The Japanese destroyer Tokitsukaze comes steaming in, finds the Ford insecurely anchored in the most desirable berth, and settles herself in the next most desirable.

The Japanese officers extend an in-



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vitation to call and it is accepted. Mysterious yet tantalizingly appetizing dishes are served to the Americans; speeches of welcome and professions of good-will exchanged; songs sung. So passes an afternoon.

Two nights later the Ford entertains fifteen officers from the Tokitsukaze at dinner and a cinema entertainment.

Very little news of the flyers. Each day's dispatches, picked from the air as broadcasted by San Francisco, Honolulu, Guam, or Cavite, in climes as comparable to the Kurile Islands as Heaven is to the other place, is eagerly scanned for news of the men the Ford has come here to meet and to assist. . . .

The wind continues to blow; the tides continue to run; the tide-rips continue to turn sections of Kashiwabara Bay into seething cauldrons of icy salt water; the swells keep the Ford rolling from side to side with annoying regularity, fifteen degrees this way, fifteen degrees the other; the fogs continue to envelop the waiting vessels in an almost impenetrable cloak of gray; the barometer is eternally restless, rising and falling as much as the tenth of an inch in an hour; snow falls, so does rain and the temperature. The latter struggles to rise above freezing-point, with poor success.

Five o'clock one afternoon. The Ford commences to quiver as it is caught in a tide-rip; the anchor loses its hold on the rocky bottom and the Ford seems to vacillate between attacking the Tokitsukaze and the beach. Another anchor is hurriedly dropped, but before it catches the Tokitsukaze has been missed by a narrow margin. Steam is raised and the Ford noses her way into another berth, closer inshore and seemingly as insecure as the other. It is the best available. The Tokitsukaze appropriates the position evacuated by the Ford. An hour and a half of excitement, and everything is quiet.

Food has become a problem; each day witnesses a decrease in the visible supply; very few can recall the taste of fresh provisions: an omelet or a filet mignon would be justification for the commission of mayhem, if necessary to secure possession; canned this, canned that — corned beef, salmon, cod, wieners, disguised in every conceivable way — hashed, curried, fried, baked, boiled; beans — good old navy standby; rice or potatoes once each day; biscuits or crackers likewise. But no one minds; it 's part of the game.

The fish which ardent disciples of Izaak Walton so confidently promised are conspicuous by their absence since Hitokappu Wan, where four enterprising anglers — Captain Clark of the army, and Ensigns McCollum, Cooke, and Tompkins — managed to 'catch' 150 pounds of cod, using a 10-yen bill as bait.

Embryonic Nimrods who promised to decrease Paramushiru's bear and other eatable population and replenish the ship's larder with comestibles fit for an epicure return empty-handed; crabbing-expeditions result only in the acquisition of cold fingers, noses, and ears, and copious doses of cold salt water.

A party of enlisted men brave the chilly dawn at three o'clock and return with six birds of doubtful antecedents bearing an unappetizing flavor of fish. Fifty shotgun shells are used in the effort. One begins to wonder what would happen in event of a shipwreck.

Three members of the Explorers' Club — Captain Clark, Ensigns McCollum and Cooke — fare forth, and several hours later return with a very defunct salt cod, which they profess to have captured while it gamboled on the sands. Deeper investigation discloses facts regarding Paramushiru's hitherto unsuspected population, both of whom fled before the onslaught of the explor-

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ers, believing them to be Russian pirates — a not unnatural assumption, considering their consistent refusal to patronize a barber since sailing from Yokohama.

But the three establish their identity and an entente cordiale and receive the salt cod as a token of friendship. The men are two Japanese left on the island to look after a small cannery which will open during the summer; they have been here eighteen months and have neither seen nor spoken to anyone other than themselves.

Captain Yamase and Lieutenant Yamaguchi return aboard shortly after dinner one evening. It is cold outside; a stiff wind is blowing up a choppy sea so violent as to affect the Ford. They appear in the wardroom with most of their clothing under their arms, dripping wet, but cheerful. A change of attire and they are ready to relate the day's experiences.

They have visited the two Japanese up the coast during the early morning calm, but on the return trip encounter disagreeable weather. Their boat is overloaded, and time and time again it threatens to swamp. A half-hour, an hour, but very little distance is covered. The prospect begins to look discouraging. The men pull at the long oars with all their might, but to little avail; their hands blister and almost freeze to the oars; their arms and backs weaken and ache; they become mere automatons, almost exhausted, but battling desperately; the boat ships a sea; to capsize means certain death.

Yamaguchi humorously relates how one of the Japanese newspaper correspondents, posturing in approved style, prays to three Gods in two languages at the same time. Yamase, being more of a materialist, is more practical: removing his boots he turns to and commences to bail with commendable enthusiasm. It takes them more than two hours to make less than two miles, but they make it, and Yamaguchi and Yamase are safely aboard.

Being exiled in No Man's Land is conducive to reminiscences. One begins to long for places, people, things. One remarks that one might be doing so and so were one in such and such a place. So starts a discussion.

Wardroom arguments aid digestion; no meal is complete without one or more. They range from the virility and personality of cheese through religion, war, and politics to the best recipe for mayonnaise.

Hours of bridge; the championship of Paramushiru has been won and lost a dozen times. Motion pictures old enough to know better than to be abroad provide almost nightly entertainment for the crew.

Wednesday, April 30, the Canadian trawler Thiepval joins the Kurile Islands navy. She has been wandering through the Aleutian Islands and along the Kamchatka coast, establishing bases for the British flyers who are also trying to encircle the globe by air.

Colonel Broome, late of the Royal British Air Force, is in charge of the expedition. He and the officers of the Thiepval call and matter-of-factly describe their hazardous voyage.

Thursday, May 1, Captain Frost considers all angles of the existing situation, contemplates the future, and decides to act. He issues orders to the Pope to proceed to Kashiwabara Bay and relieve the Ford while the latter hustles down to Hakodate to replenish her larder and fuel supply. The Ford will leave when the Pope arrives, returning to Paramushiru in about ten days, whereupon the Pope will return to Hitokappu Wan.

Saturday, May 3, and the Pope comes steaming in, ties up alongside the Ford, and receives all the fuel and food the

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latter can spare. Just before dark the Ford leaves the Pope occupying her erstwhile berth and casts off her lines.

So the Ford sails away toward Hakodate — a lotus-land of epicurean delights and metropolitan pleasures, leaving the Pope riding at anchor on the ever-rising and falling bosom of Kashiwabara Bay, an object of attack by the blustering elements, but still content to continue the Arctic vigil until the Ford returns or until the arrival of the American army airmen who, intrepid and ingenious as they are, cannot always outwit the crafty Goddess of the Arctic, aided and abetted by her capricious sister — she whose name is Adventure.

[The unheralded arrival of the three planes at Paramushiru on May 17, and their jump to a placid lake on Yetorofu Island two days later, are unrecorded except in brief cable-dispatches. The airmen reached Minato on May 22, where the correspondents' account is resumed.]

Picture a typical rural Japanese inn squatting isolated on a bit of rocky shore-line a mile from this sequestered fishing-village in north Japan.

In the miniature harbor a half-dozen fishing-boats are bobbing up and down in the gentle swell. Along the country road at occasional points one sees a fisherman drying his nets, or an aged woman with blackened teeth opening clams.

Along the shore-line are scattered a few ragged urchins grubbing among the rocks for seaweed or shellfish. Otherwise the whole panorama is deathlike in its tranquillity.

Life here has reached the zenith of simplicity.

Yet inside this little inn a peculiar drama is being staged. Squatting around a huge earthern *hibachi* are the innkeeper, the mayor of Minato, several village chieftains, community leaders, a couple of bare-legged fishermen, and two American army officers. Each is drinking tea, two red-cheeked girls in plain cheap kimonos keeping the teapot filled. Through the half-open *shoji* one sees cherry blossoms bursting into fullness in the tiny garden below, for in this northern clime the season is about five weeks behind Tokyo.

In animated tones the little group lays plans for the arrival of three huge mechanical birds, which are being piloted around the world by Americans. Yet the majority of the group have never seen an airplane; one or two have possibly strange conceptions of what one looks like; for never has an airplane called at this outpost of Japanese civilization in northern Japan.

Nothing has ever happened, furthermore, to this little village of Minato to disturb its sequestered solitude. It is said that a whale once appeared along the shore-line near the village. And last week the near-by town of Hachinohe burned to the ground. Outside of those two events little that can be called exciting has happened here for years.

But the little group in the inn is discussing an event that will go down in history as epochal. The village of Minato is about to share in the glory, for the planes are soon to arrive, alight for a while for a brief rest, then wing their way on down the coast of Japan.

One by one responsible citizens are called in, who report to the little group that their particular task in making arrangements for the planes' arrival has been completed. One red-fisted gentleman with a sunburned face reports that the buoys have been properly placed in the harbor as markers for the airmen. Later he got one of the American officers aside and through an

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interpreter told him that he regarded him as a second Commodore Perry. He felt that the officer had done a great service to Minato by selecting it as a landing-place for the aviators, and he wanted in the officer's own handwriting a testimonial praising the harbor as an air base! He said that the testimonial would be framed and preserved in his own home for future generations in Minato to look at with pride.

Other worthies are called in by the mayor, who, with the added distinction of being in charge of all arrangements, is enjoying his rôle with all the pompous satisfaction that the part calls for. Sampans are engaged, a motor-launch hired, rope procured, arrangements for getting fuel and other supplies to the planes are made. A score of similar details are settled, all in that tiny room over the hibachi.

Then plans are laid for entertaining the brave Magellans of the air. The secretary to the governor of the province calls and reports that his chief desires to give the airmen a dinner on the night of their arrival. Thirty geisha have been furnished with American-flag kimonos, and the entertainers are practising shaking hands and saying greetings in the strange language of the West. A school-teacher calls, and reports that several thousand children in Minato and the surrounding country have been practising American patriotic songs, which they will sing on the beach as the airmen are brought ashore.

An officer from the War Office in Tokyo appears, asking that he be allowed to confer with the leader of the flight immediately upon his arrival, in order that all matters may be settled at once regarding entertainments in Tokyo. Incidentally, after four days of impatient waiting, when the planes stopped but a couple of hours without any of the birdmen coming ashore, this Japanese officer returned to Tokyo with his mission unfulfilled, a picture of dejection personified.

The first bit of pathos injected in the unusual drama then occurred in the teahouse.

A man appears at the door, dressed in a shabby coolie-coat and a pair of rubber boots. His face is dirty and unshaven, and betrays high emotional stress. Through an interpreter he says that he comes from Hachinohe, a sister village two miles away that is now a mass of charred timbers and crumbled brick. The fire that swept the village a week ago left a path of destruction that compares with scenes in Tokyo eight months ago.

The man says that he would like to talk with the American officer if his own appearance would not be insulting. He is ashamed of his personal attire, but lost his all in the flames. He begs on bended knees for a minute of the officer's time.

In emotional tones he says that the town of Hachinohe had pondered for many days on what sort of entertainment to extend the brave American aviators. The young men of the village are harmonica enthusiasts and they finally decided that a harmonica concert by twenty selected youths would be appropriate. Such is their conception of the psychology and temperamental make-up of the rather 'hard-boiled' American aviators. The harmonica experts practised for days on strange foreign tunes, including American patriotic tunes, until they were pleased with their art.

Then the devastating fire came and destroyed their village, as well as their own personal effects. Seven of the twenty new harmonicas were saved from the flames, though the musicians lost their holiday clothes, their homes, and, in four cases, members of their families. Therefore, the man explains,

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they could n't bear to appear before the aviators in their ragged nondescript clothes. It would be an insult. It was disappointing, but their part in the entertainment would have to be given up. But would the American army officer be so kind as to accept these seven harmonicas and present them to members of the flight crew? Would he express their disappointment, as well as their congratulations, when the birdmen arrived? Yes, the army officer said, he certainly would. The poor man's grimy face beamed, and he salaamed in a manner that spoke eloquently of the gratitude in his heart. Arising from his knees, he swiftly disappeared.

For four days the village lay completely isolated from the rest of the world by a heavy curtain of fog. The villagers were steeped in gloom. Rumors were even heard that the aviators would not stop at Minato, but would go directly to Kasumigaura from Kushiro in Hokkaido. Other rumors, just as disquieting, were heard, rumors that created nervous anxiety.

The red-letter day finally came. The morning dawned bright, and word came that the fliers had left for Minato. The tiny village buzzed with excitement. Children gathered from surrounding villages. Flags — American flags, with the field of stars here and there upside down — appeared before the doors of grass-thatched huts, over the gateway of the inn, on the beach, in front of stores. Horse carriages that plied between the station and the inn, known in the vernacular of the foreigner as 'sea-going hacks,' rattled over the hard roadway, each carriage crowded to overflowing with festive holiday-makers. Even the ancient horses, veterans between the shafts, caught the spirit, and everywhere throngs of curious, gaping children walked the wide roadways.

The countryside gathers on the beach. Throngs of school girls and boys wave American and Japanese flags and shout in high, strident voices. The zero hour approaches. The planes are due. Hundreds of pairs of eyes are riveted to a hazy line where blue sea meets pale sky. Three specks appear. A shout from the multitude reverberates to the hills behind. A rocket booms and explodes in a score of tiny smoke puffs in the sky.

The planes roar in, circle, drop gracefully to the water. Minutes fly by before those with responsibilities recover from the impressive scene. Finally the sampans are launched and the work of fueling the planes starts.

Two hours fly past; the planes are ready. The airmen, shouting their regrets that they cannot come ashore, start their motors, taxi out into the bay, pick up speed, float off the water, rise like sea gulls, form a triangle, and fast disappear into the haze southward.

Keen disappointment dropped on the holiday crowd like a wet blanket. The governor of the province, with his undelivered speech in his hand, returned to his waiting car and went back to Aomori. The crowd gradually melted away.

Minato once again fell back into its accustomed tranquillity.

As the carriage rolled stationward, the observer saw a half-dozen urchins grubbing for seaweed along the rocky shore-line.

In front of a *mekan* stand an elderly woman in a ragged kimono sat smoking her pipe.

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# MUSSOLINI, MACHIAVELLI, AND FREDERICK II

BY LECTOR

From *Avanti, May* 11
(MILAN OFFICIAL SOCIALIST DAILY)

HIS Excellency Mussolini proposes, in the thesis he submits for the degree of Doctor of Laws in the university where Irenæus and the four jurisconsults who were his pupils restored the traditions of the civil law, to revive the political doctrines of Machiavelli, which are in the Fascist leader's opinion 'more timely to-day than ever in the past.'

Mussolini, who is a diligent and painstaking student in spite of his high position, has thoroughly informed himself concerning what other public men before him have thought and written about the counsels the Florentine Secretary believed he should give to the princes and princelets of his time. Certainly he is not ignorant of the *Anti-Macchiavel* written by a crowned head, by a man with a profound knowledge of his fellow men, a sovereign who was equally capable of wielding the sceptre, the sword, and the pen — Frederick II of Prussia.

Frederick the Great was, like Mussolini, impelled to study the *Principe*, and to record his opinion of its teachings; but instead of an encomium he wrote a condemnation, in which he declared: 'Machiavelli's *Principe* is one of the most dangerous works that has ever been published. It is a book that naturally falls into the hands of princes and those who interest themselves in politics. Therefore it may easily happen that any ambitious youth, whose heart and judgment are not yet sufficiently formed to enable him to distinguish with accuracy between good and evil, will be corrupted by maxims that flatter his ruling passion.' This sovereign was persuaded that Machiavellism 'never made a great man or a happy man.' He ventured, as he says, 'to take up the defense of humanity against this monster, who would fain destroy it, to oppose reason and justice to sophism and crime, to record his own reflections on Machiavelli's *Principe*, chapter by chapter, so that the antidote may be found immediately beside the poison.'

The Prussian King asserted that in 1739, the year in which he wrote, the world had changed so much since Machiavelli's times that the author of the *Principe* would no longer recognize it. 'These changes are so general and practically universal that they render most of Machiavelli's maxims inapplicable to modern politics.' Such maxims might be suitable for 'those Italian princes who are but crosses between sovereigns and private citizens, and play the part of grand seigniors before their own domestics. The best counsel for them, it seems to me, would be to reduce somewhat the huge opinion they have of their own greatness, the exaggerated worship they pay to their ancient and illustrious race, and the jealous pride with which they regard their own family lines.'

But our contemporary Italian glossator attaches more importance to Machiavelli's opinion of men than to his principles of statesmanship: 'A sad lot, more interested in material gain than in their own honor, ready



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to change their attachments and affections with every veering wind.' Mussolini lays stress upon the fatal antithesis that Machiavelli constantly points out between the prince and the people. Concerning this he says: —

'Rare are the men — heroes or saints — who sacrifice themselves on the altar of the State. The revolutions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries tried to abolish this antithesis, which lies at the basis of every social and political organization, by making the government an emanation of the people's will. That merely added one more fiction, one more illusion, to the world. First of all, the "people" cannot be defined. The word designates a purely abstract political entity. We do not know precisely where the people begin and where they end. To speak of a "sovereign people" is to utter a tragic jest. At the most, all the people can do is to delegate sovereignty; they can never exercise it. Representative government belongs to the domain of mechanics, not of morals.'

Mussolini seems to conclude from this that 'governments based literally upon the consent of the governed never existed, and probably never will exist.' In default of consent, there is always resort to force. 'Order must be maintained at any cost. When the people no longer respect it, they must be made to respect it by force.'

Returning to Frederick the Great, that crowned Spartan and skeptic has no toleration for Machiavelli's — and Mussolini's — pessimistic opinion of human nature, which expresses itself in the *Principe* in the monarch's utter contempt for the life of his subjects. This is what Frederick says: —

'Machiavelli lays down the premise that it is not possible to be perfectly good in this world and yet survive, because the human race is utterly criminal and corrupt. I say that if we are not to perish we must be good and prudent. Men are not as a rule perfectly good or perfectly evil, but the evil, the good, and those who are neither the one nor the other, find themselves in accord in the respect they pay to a powerful, just, and skillful ruler.

'For Machiavelli human life means nothing. Self-interest, the only god he worships, is supreme. He prefers cruelty to clemency, and counsels those who are still new in the possession of power to count a reputation for cruelty more lightly than any other reflection on their character.

'Now,' continues the King of Prussia, 'there are times when it is necessary to be severe, but it is never necessary to be cruel. I should prefer on the battlefield to be loved rather than feared by my soldiers.'

The King thus deals with another of Machiavelli's captious arguments: 'He says that a prince has more reason to make himself feared than to make himself loved, because most men are prone to ingratitude, to changeableness, to dissimulation, to baseness, and to avarice; that love is an obligatory tie which the sinfulness and villainy of the human race impel men to disregard, and that the fear of punishment is a much stronger admonition to duty; that men can control their benevolent impulses but not their fears; and that a prudent chief should therefore rely upon the latter rather than the former.

'I do not deny that there are ungrateful and deceiving men in the world. I do not deny that severity may be most wholesome in certain cases. But I assert that any king who has no other policy than to make men fear will have base men and slaves for subjects, and that he can expect nothing great or generous from his people, for all actions inspired by fear and dread are ignoble from their very origin.

'I say that a prince who has the gift

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of making himself loved will reign in the hearts of his subjects because they will find it to their interest to have him for their ruler, and that history affords us numerous examples of great and glorious deeds done for love and affection.'

Frederick therefore concludes: 'A cruel prince invites treason more readily than a great and kind prince, because cruelty is insufferable, and fear grows dull, and because, after all, virtue is always loved and we do not weary of loving.'

We are not informed whether in the development of his dissertation Mussolini has approved unreservedly all the maxims of the Florentine Secretary. Neither do we know as yet if among his examiners men will be found who refuse to present themselves, like visitors to Delphi, 'with the knees of their minds bent before the Divinity'; men as noble and human as Frederick II, who will regard the contentions of Mussolini's thesis as paradoxes and dialectic exercises, and not as principles of government. However that may prove to be, the Italian dictator may well draw from Frederick's *Anti-Machiavel*, if not support for his argument, at least warnings for his government.

# MANGURUYÚ

BY FAUSTO BURGOS

From *La Prensa, April* 6
(Buenos Aires Liberal Daily)

A few minutes before the steamboat whistled for departure I crossed the gangplank, walked down the deck, and seated myself at the side of my friend.

'So you're going, Manguruyú. Lucky dog. Every time I see one of these boats start up the river it makes me homesick. I don't know why — we have no ties in Corrientes now. My parents and brothers are here in Buenos Aires. It must be the call of my native land. Oranges like those at home, trees like our *timboes*, *guaraminaes*, and ceibas — tell me, Manguruyú, can you find them anywhere else?'

'Nowhere, José Elías.'

'I am both sad and happy whenever I see one of these boats start upstream. I can't go because — you see, I'd have to come right back. I'd like to spend a month sometime where we used to live.'

Manguruyú began at once to describe the little grass-thatched board cottage, standing on posts at the edge of one of the tributaries of the majestic Paraná, where he had spent his childhood.

'If I could only see it again.'

'Why not?'

'We sold out. I don't know who's living there now.'

'Why did you sell it?'

'For money to live.'

'But your father — your older brothers were alive.'

'Only my mother worked.'

'That means a hard life for a boy. I see why you're so handy at everything.

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But you ought to have a good job. You write a fair hand, don't you?'

'Yes.'

'Why don't you stay here?'

'Because I never have an hour to myself.'

'Well, no one has.'

'Anyway, I'm going back where I can live as I used to.'

'It's just a question of habit. Look at me. I'm the first man down to the shop; I sweep up and open the doors. I take care of the automobile and deliver packages. You'd better stay, Manguruyú. You won't be able to make a living at home. What does a fisherman earn?'

'Anyway, I'm going.'

'Some day before you know it a *yacaré* (a crocodile) will get you, or a *manguruyú* (a giant catfish of the Plata) will pull you overboard.'

The man next to us began to talk rapidly in Guaraní, concluding in Spanish: 'Don't you believe it?'

'Yes, why not?'

'One time my uncle and I pulled out a fellow twelve feet long — the little thing weighed almost two hundred pounds.'

'In the water they are as strong as an ox. And what teeth!'

'Yes, there are teeth for you.'

'And what whiskers!'

'Yes, there are whiskers for you.'

'They can drag a man and his tackle overboard in a minute. It's better to get them with a harpoon. I have harpooned lots of them — more than I can remember. I recall one — '

'Big?'

'A giant. Must have weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. I harpooned him; he rushed this way and that until he did n't know where he was, and stranded himself high and dry on shore.'

'Stranded himself?'

'Yes, of his own accord.'

The steamer whistled. They were drawing in the gangplank. 'Good-bye, Manguruyú. Good luck!'

The Guaraní moved majestically upstream. Manguruyú seated himself upon a cable coiled on the deck, lighted a cigar, and gazed at the surface of the silent, swift-flowing river, here smooth as burnished copper, there broken by purple ripples. Now that he was actually leaving, he felt a vague heaviness of regret. Did he dislike Buenos Aires? But his friend's words, the oranges, the timboes, the shady ceiba trees, and the thatched wooden cottage by the river bank! The cottage stood in a shady grove of ceibas and timboes. When he closed his eyes he could see the little canoe that he used to paddle on the broad waters of the Paraná. He could still see his mother's supple form bending to the paddle in front of him. From time to time he lighted a cigar and smoked, still dreaming of his canoe, of going forth to fish with net and troll, of the exciting thrill of pulling in the seine. When he shut his eyes he could again see schools of bass and pike darting through the clear water in front of his prow.

At length Manguruyú fell asleep, still seated on the coil of cable, and when he next consciously gazed across the broad, deep river the sun was already plunging its blood-red disk beneath the liquid horizon of a wide bend.

As he lay half-reclining, watching lazily the line of black smoke drift obscurely from the steamer's stack into the gathering dusk, a fellow passenger strolled up. 'Where are you going, comrade?'

'To Bella Vista, sir.'

'Very far?'

'Quite a distance.'

The two men were silent a moment, watching the black, undulating line of smoke above them.

'Corrientino?'

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'Yes, sir.'

'Last year I was in Corrientes and in Chaco. The Chaqueños and Corrientinos have n't much use for each other, eh?'

'No, sir.'

'I like Corrientes very much. Its orange and lemon groves, its timbo, ceiba, and guaramina forests, remind me of the forests of my own country. I am from Tucumán.'

'I had two Tucumán chums. They left yesterday.'

'Were they good swimmers?'

Manguruyú burst into a sarcastic laugh. 'On dry land.'

'You don't mean it, man!'

'Yes, sir.'

'In Tucumán we have fifteen rivers, big ones. They bring down great boulders and trees seven feet through. The Tucumán swimmers are better than any Corrientino.'

'I don't believe it.'

'I assure you, sir.'

Manguruyú gazed serenely at the dim twilight outlines of the forested river-bank. To tell the truth, he was not an exceptionally powerful swimmer, but he had often crossed the river from shore to shore. During the last big flood before he had left home he swam across fourteen times, saving live stock.

'I say they are better than the Corrientinos.'

'There are no better.'

'I'm sure of it. The Corrientinos are good swimmers, but our fellows swim like fish.'

'The two Tucumán fellows I knew were about as fond of water as cats.'

'They must have been from upcountry somewhere.'

'No, sir, they were from Tucumán.'

For a time the two men stared silently at the darkening waters.

'Are there many crocodiles in the river?'

'Not in the river, sir.'

'Where, then?'

'In the lagoons.'

'Yes?'

'They never come into the open river unless they smell a Christian. Not long ago I saw one, a big yacaré, lying on a sandbar — a huge, ugly fellow.'

'In one of the deeper lagoons?'

'Yes, sir.'

'They 're good swimmers.'

'No better.'

'And fierce?'

'Fierce in the water. They're good for nothing on land.'

'I'd like to kill some.'

'If you could!' And Manguruyú burst into another sarcastic laugh.

About three in the morning Manguruyú, who had not been able to sleep, but had remained seated on the coil of cable most of the night, stepped out on the narrow swaying gangplank and dropped lightly into the waiting canoe of Martín López, alias Boga. He left the steamer silently, for there was no one to say good-bye to him; but the moment he caught sight of Boga he broke into a torrent of Guaraní, gesticulating rapidly as he spoke.

'Well, buddy?'

Boga was in his shirt sleeves and barefooted. He wore a black soft hat with the front brim turned back. Manguruyú seized a paddle and said: 'Let me go to it alone.'

'All right, buddy.'

The two men looked at each other with the quiet joy of reunited chums. They had been companions from boyhood. The steamer whistled and a moment later they were alone on the black current.

'Fine life down there, buddy?'

'Fine.'

'Much work?'

'Plenty.'

'Good grub?'

'Bully.'

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'When I go I'll not come back.'

'That's what I said.'

'But I've got to pay up.'

'I don't know what pulls you back so, to the country where you were born. I could hardly wait to get here. I counted the minutes.'

'When I go I won't come back. This is no country for anyone but a rich man. A poor man paddles his canoe all day and never has money to buy a shirt for his back. I'd like to see a flood here — a big flood to carry off all the timber and live stock and everything else that Don Pietrasini owns. I'd like to see a crocodile get him and his wife and his children. I would n't lift a hand to save them. A crocodile's worth ten times as much as they are.'

Manguruyú was thinking of Inés, the pretty canoe-girl with the chestnut eyes, whom he had kissed good-bye before he left.

'Buddy, can you get big wages in Buenos Aires?'

'Big.'

'When I go I'll not come back.'

'That's what I said.'

'But I've got to pay up my debt to the *patrón*. A fellow paddles his canoe all day long and does n't have money enough to buy a shirt.'

They were just reaching the landing when Manguruyú asked: 'Where's Inés?'

Boga laughed. 'Buddy, did you come back on her account? A few days after you left, she left. They say she is down at Bajada Grande. I don't know — if the rest are like her, it's better to look for an old woman — dry wood cooks better than green.'

Manguruyú dropped his paddle and lay face downward at full length in his canoe, which drifted lazily with the current. From time to time a fisherman acquaintance would pass, pulling his glinting troll, and shout: 'What's the matter, Manguruyú? Seasick?'

At length he raised his head sleepily, for he heard the voice of Inés Solares. Inés, the pretty canoe-girl with the chestnut eyes, paddled swiftly by. Manguruyú did not call to her. He would have bitten his lips till they bled before doing that. Inés was frightened. She feared the man, and her canoe was soon out of sight.

Manguruyú then turned his attention to a bottle of Paraguay rum in the bottom of the canoe.

It was midnight. Manguruyú did not know at just what point in the river he was. He threw out his line, and was about to lie down again when he felt a sharp jerk. Was it a bass? Was it a golden pike, one of the big fellows with saw teeth? No, it could be neither. They would have zigzagged. A moment later he shouted: 'A crazy manguruyú!'

Clinging obstinately to the line, he slipped overboard, and the fierce catfish pulled him on and on and on.

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# THE ELIZABETHAN PLAYHOUSE

[*This article is based on Dr. E. K. Chambers's monumental work on* The Elizabethan Stage, *which has just appeared.*]

From the *Times Literary Supplement, March* 6
(London Weekly)

The Elizabethan drama is one of the most remarkable artistic growths ever known. It had the apparent suddenness and unexpectedness of a northern spring; from a bleak winter, flowerless except for a few rather sickly forced blooms of edifying religious and educational morality, we seem to step all at once into a blazing summer of roses and all the gayest and richest of flowers, among which very soon not a few rank and gaudy growths begin to assert themselves. It employed and delighted the best intellects of the time; and yet it owed its fire and force to the passionate desire of the people.

On the stage Richard Burbage is playing *Hamlet*, a play which not even we, with three centuries of learning and suffering and psychological study to help us, dare pretend to understand completely; the approaches to the playhouse, even the auditorium itself, are a turbulent throng, in whom unlettered popular life, raw and often brutal, is insisting on expression. At the outset, moreover, the forces ranged against the new drama seem incalculably stronger than those fighting for it. Now and then, for a brief moment, religion or statecraft might condescend to make use of the vulgar instrument for its own purposes. In the main, the drama was an offense against religion, against morality, against order, against the public health, at times against the very sovereign and the State itself. All authority and power seemed to be reasonably bent on suppressing it.

There was one gap in the line, and one only. The Tudor sovereigns, especially Queen Elizabeth, the Stuarts, especially King James I, loved the drama. The popular impulse found that gap in the line, pressed upon it with all its weight and all its activity, and broke through. Over and over again the sovereign's love of the drama is flung in the faces of the objectors. It was an invaluable excuse; but it was always more of an excuse than a reason. The cause was always the popular, or rather the national, demand, which nothing could stay or divert.

Why the English nation in those times should have insisted upon the drama as the proper form of artistic outlet for its boiling, bubbling vitality is a question very difficult to answer. Part of the answer is that the drama is the art not of the separate person but of the flock, and that an unlettered crowd, used to living much in the open and in company, naturally finds the drama the easiest and most satisfying of arts. Another part of the answer is that when the university men saw in the playhouse chances of a livelihood and a jolly life denied them by the career ecclesiastical or academic, they set going in the drama the intellectual power which was able to make it truly national, fit for queens, poets, gulls, artisans, tradesmen, women of the town, apprentices, and serving men in blue or murrey coats.

All the links between the Elizabethan



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drama and the volcanic national spirit of Elizabeth's new England may never be traced; the single cause of all those links may never be caught and pinned down. But the fact is beyond dispute. By some fortunate concatenation of the spirit, the men, and the time the means of expression were forced into being. The nation was theatre-mad. It made, against all obstacles, its theatre into a great art and also into a great industry. From every accessible source, its own history, its own fancies and dreams, classical stories, Italian stories, French stories, Spanish stories, it snatched up ideas which it turned into plays. The English playhouses and the English players were acknowledged the finest in the world.

There are many ways of studying this extraordinary growth of an art. They are all useful; but for the moment we are concerned with one only. It may be said with rough justice that the first English scholar to study seriously the Elizabethan drama through the Elizabethan playhouse was Edmund Malone. Our own generation has seen an immense extension of his methods by scholars, English and American. Records have been ransacked; plays have been intensively studied from what might be called the stage-manager's point of view; topography, archæology, bibliography, architecture, and a dozen other sources have been drawn from; and theories have been as many as blackberries and as diverse as dogs. A period is marked in these studies by the monumental work of Dr. E. K. Chambers. . . .

The royal love of the drama helped its development. In the winter of 1597–1598 the Privy Council took the control of the London and suburban companies and playhouses definitely into its own hands. On the accession of King James I the three leading companies were taken directly into the royal service as the companies of the King, the Queen, and the Prince, and letters patent became the normal method of licensing the privileged London players.

Between the few minstrels of the Court of King Henry VIII and these licensed companies under royal patronage there is an even wider gap than there is between the inn-yard and the sumptuous playhouse. The gap is bridged by two stories. One is the story of the royal household, its constitution, its entertainments, and its methods of getting them up and paying for them. Dr. Chambers is here perhaps more generous than his subject demanded, but not more than it warranted; for we need to know something of the earlier functions of the royal household as both an instrument of central executive government and a domestic organization, before we can understand how it was that the Privy Council came to be concerned at all with such affairs, great and small, as those of the theatrical companies. We learn thus also how the Lord Chamberlain comes into the matter, and how the Revels Office started; and how, most of all, the pretext of the diversion of the sovereign by plays was turned into the legal and constitutional instrument against the determined and well-equipped opposition.

That leads us to the second story bridging the gap — the story of the long struggle between the Court and the City, between the central executive and the municipal authority, for the control of this troublesome new force in society. Nothing in all this great book helps so much to the understanding of the puzzle of the Elizabethan drama as the two chapters which narrate that struggle on its two sides. There is the religious and ethical side, which engaged humanism with puritanism in a long conflict; and there is

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the administrative side, which engaged the Corporation and the justices with the Privy Council. When the drama was comparatively weak, Burghley, like Cromwell before him, would use it as a means of religious or political propaganda.

The monster grew altogether out of hand. Full of the spirit of an extraordinarily hearty people, it took to proclaiming the joy and pride in life national and life personal, and its hatred of all timorous restriction. It became the voice — the very loud voice — of a nation turning swiftly from boyhood to manhood and rejoicing in its new strength.

Its pastors and masters were profoundly alarmed. 'This is shocking and sinful,' cried the pastors, who saw their power slipping away from them, and found themselves preaching to empty churches while the players played to thousands. The drama — too young yet to know the argument about art having no concern with morals — contented itself with shouting a flat contradiction. The pastors, learning, as Dr. Chambers thinks, from Genevan practice, appealed to the masters. And the masters, very properly doing their best, found superior masters tying their hands more and more straitly with an almost invisible cord. Her Majesty must have her 'solace.' There must be plays for her at Christmas time. Therefore Her Majesty's Privy Council must see to it that there are players fit to play before her; and if there is restriction and control to be exercised Her Majesty's Privy Council will more and more be pleased to exercise them itself.

It may seem oddly un-English that two great forces in national life should thus have been brought into collision by an art. But it was an art that touched life at many points, and engaged the sympathies and antipathies of all sorts of people. The weaker went to the wall. The negative was shouted down by the turbulent affirmative. From aggression the Puritans had to turn to defense. But the means of victory was never much more than a quibble.

This becomes clear when we see that there was no necessity for Her Majesty to seek her solace from the public companies of players. She might, one supposes, have developed the activity of her own minstrels, an ancient body which fell wholly into disuse in her time. And there were the companies of singing boys: Paul's, the Chapel, and the others, in their private places of performance; very accomplished little actors and musicians, whose important place in Elizabethan drama is emphasized by Dr. Chambers. But the public stage, the artistic flower of the national life, insisted on pushing its way to supremacy.

In May 1559, the public companies are rather heavily sat upon by a proclamation that delivers them into the hands of mayors and magistrates and such presumably fussy small fry. In 1572 a patent under the Great Seal itself is issued to Leicester's men, which overrides the proclamation and speaks only of the royal pleasure. In 1583 the Queen sets up her own company of public players. Little by little these professional actors take the place at Court itself of the boys, and draw to themselves not all but a great part of the best brains in the country, gaining also incalculably in dignity and respect. That a player was a vagabond was never much more than a technicality and a Puritan taunt; but a player as a man of substance, a bearer of arms, perhaps even a sidesman in his parish church, was a very new notion.

There is still a fascinating uncertainty about the life. As Dr. Chambers

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unfolds in minute detail the story of each company, we see the players now ruffling it finely in London — as conscious as the modern actor is that he must look his smartest and most prosperous off the stage as well as on — and now, through plague or some such tiresome interference with his business, forced to pad the hoof about the provinces. But in some cases at least self-respect and public respect grew together. In Dr. Chambers's two very interesting chapters about the actor's quality and the actor's economics nothing is more interesting than the contrast between the success of the Lord Chamberlain's — afterward the King's — company's sound method of keeping the finances in their own associated hands and the fate of the companies which allowed that astute man of business, Philip Henslowe, to finance and so to control them. And when the story comes to the staging of plays we are led to believe that even in that the public companies went ahead of the boys. The old method of continuous staging, in which several places could be shown on the stage at once, was gradually pushed out, even at Court, by the popular or successive method, in which the whole stage was one place at a time, place succeeding place as the action demanded.

More and more, as one follows out these crowded facts in a narrative composed of innumerable minute details, is one impressed with the suddenness of the whole development. Seen in the light of what it led to, James Burbage's attempt to shake off the Puritan and the City Father by building the Theatre in 1576 is one of the great events of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Then, one after another, come the Curtain, the Rose, the Swan, the Globe, the Fortune, the Red Bull, the Hope, and not these only; now north, now south of the river, according as rivalry, or theatrical fashion, or interference dictates.

Within the half-century following Burbage's stroke of genius, London has playhouses whose solidity and splendor rouse the fury of the Puritans and the delighted wonder of foreign visitors. It has a drama which shoots to the full height of human achievement, and already begins to topple over. It has actors who are the best in the world, and who, probably for the first time in Western history, make the actor's quality a respectable and respected calling. And in less than seventy years the whole thing is swept away, as suddenly as it had grown. Dr. Chambers is scrupulous to warn us that his period ends with the year 1616; but now and then, to our melancholy satisfaction, he looks ahead, to show us the sad fate of these great and splendid playhouses, to close a volume with this about the actors: —

> Under the Commonwealth they were 'reduced to a necessitous condition,' and we have one glimpse of the last of Shakespeare's fellows, John Lowin, keeping an inn, the Three Pigeons, at Brentford, where he died very old, 'and his property was as great as his age.'

When we come inside these public playhouses, — and, for that matter, inside the 'private' playhouses too, — it is little less than exasperating that this great book, the sum of all the knowledge in existence, should reveal how great are the gaps in knowledge. The main facts of the construction of some of them are well known from the records; from indications in plays and from a few documents scholarship has laboriously pieced together a foundation of that which is beyond dispute. Nearly all the finer detail remains uncertain. Chiefly the lack is of pictorial record. One authentic detailed drawing would be priceless. The only drawing that exists is a copy, made abroad,

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of a very rough and ill-drawn sketch which leaves out or bungles all the features that one most wants to know.

So it comes about that, in the matter of staging, even Dr. Chambers is reduced to theorizing on inadequate evidence. The theories of one so cautious and so scrupulous will be received with the greatest respect; and yet one can do no more than assent that his theories of the use of the inner stage and of the upper stage, and his suggestion of a movable wall inserted at need on the line of the scenic curtain, are workmanlike; and, on the other hand, question whether his idea about the upper window in the tiring-house is necessary, and whether, with a stage raised so few feet above the ground, trapdoors would be capable of doing all that he asks of them.

But though, when it comes to theory, Dr. Chambers is forced to be on a level with other theorizers, he is a head and shoulders above them in his masterly arrangement of his great learning, and the clearness with which he establishes what is, indeed, to be known about the staging in the public playhouses and the private playhouses, the differences between them and their effect upon each other. Neither in the private playhouse with its leaning to continuous staging nor in the public playhouse with its great platform and its permanent architectural background can we look for illusion, for what we now call a realistic setting. There was no attempt to pretend that the performance was not a play being acted upon a stage, even when, as Dr. Chambers thinks not impossible, the curtain across the back-stage in the public playhouse was painted to represent a scene. But, under his guidance, we gladly acquit the public playhouse of the carelessness and unseemliness which have sometimes been charged upon it.

In conclusion, we would recommend to students an entertaining game. Let those who are specially interested in this or that point — Shakespeare's doings before he joined the Chamberlain's men, the site of the Globe, the use of title-boards and locality-boards, the printing from playhouse copies — have a hunt through their Chambers and see whether they can catch him napping. They are not likely to succeed. Several not unimportant books and studies have been published since he sent his work to the press; but not one of his conclusions or suggestions has, we believe, been upset.

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# A PAGE OF VERSE

## EPITAPHS

BY LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

*[Observer]*

### I

Joy, perch above
  My sleeping head,
And I shall know
  I am not dead;

Oh! shed your song
  Like shafts of sound,
Piercing this hard
  And grudging ground

With golden shafts
  Of shining song;
So my long night
  Shall not seem long.

### II

— I was content. — And I, each day, renewed
With life an ancient and embittered feud. —
— Yet my torn heart — And mine which smiled from birth —
Are now made one by wise, indifferent earth.

## THE RAINBOW

BY W. H. DAVIES

*[Secrets]*

Rainbows are lovely things:
The bird that shakes a cold, wet wing
Chatters with ecstasy,
But has no breath to sing;
No wonder when the air
Has a double rainbow there!

Look, there's a rainbow now!
See how that lovely rainbow throws
Her jeweled arm around
This world, when the rain goes!
And how I wish the rain
Would come again, and again!



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# LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

## STRAUSS'S 'WHIPPED CREAM' BALLET

RICHARD STRAUSS may or may not be a great musician worthy to rank among the immortals. There is room for a difference of opinion, usually very heated, about that; but surely no one will be so churlish as to deny him a gift for the odd, the unusual, and — when he is in a mood to let the brass winds alone and give the tympani a needed rest — for the delicately whimsical and charming. Who else would have written a *Sinfonia Domestica*, and who else, having written that bit of household art, would have ventured the supreme touch of including the baby? Who but Strauss could possibly be imagined turning from the musical treatment of darkly tragic ladies like Salome and Elektra to interpret in tone the frying of fish and the roasting of pigeons as he does in the *Bürger als Edelmann?*

One would have sworn that there was nothing left for this purveyor of the unexpected to surprise his audiences with, when behold! he discovers whipped cream. Now whipped cream, — *Schlagobers*, as the Germans call it, — however suited to the art of the pastry cook, is dubious material for the musician. Brillat-Savarin may have had plenty of use for it, but Strauss? Make music of whipped cream — the sticky, fluffy, blubbly, faintly sweet dairy-product that nature evidently designed to adorn the upper crust of gingerbread?

The challenge was too great not to be accepted, and Strauss has celebrated the approach of his sixtieth birthday with a new ballet which he calls simply *Schlagobers*. The ballet goes back to the Vienna of the '80's — the gay, light-hearted Vienna of the days long before the war, when the world was fair and life was lively. To Dehmel's famous sweet-shop in the Kohlmarkt go a group of boys, to be treated, after confirmation, to Viennese sweets, cakes, and whipped cream.

Suddenly — can it be that Herr Strauss is thinking of Maeterlinck's *Bluebird?* — all the pastries and sweets come to life. Sugar, tea, cocoa, and coffee cans pop open and their contents join in an exotic dance. A gigantic cook is busily whipping cream in an enormous bowl. The white foam rises and rises, higher and higher, until suddenly it overflows and forty ballet girls — oddly costumed so that they look both pretty and like whipped cream, no mean triumph for the costumer — whirl out of the bowl and into the rhythm of a new Strauss Waltz — the Whipped Cream Waltz.

A 'WHIPPED CREAM' DANCER
— *Neue Freie Presse*



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The tragic portion of the ballet is reserved for the second act. The tragedy is of a fairly familiar kind. One of the boys has eaten too much. He suffers from a nightmare. Chocolate bonbons dance a slow waltz. Three national drinks — Polish Sliwovitz, French Chartreuse, and Russian Vodka — emerge from three liqueur bottles and join in a political romance. Mlle. Marianne Chartreuse is hotly wooed by Stanislaw Sliwovitz, accepts him, and laughs at the proffered love of poor Boris Vodka. But Boris is a Bolshevik and not to be trifled with. He stirs up the Pretzels and other proletarian pastries of the world to revolt. The struggle is too much for Tea, Coffee, and Cocoa to subdue, but at the last moment a mightier than they comes to the rescue. It is Herr Münchner Bier. The day is saved!

The music is said to be delightful and the first audiences were enraptured. Julius Korngold, the famous critic of the *Neue Freie Presse*, in a long article on Strauss declares him — not, it must be admitted, specifically on the strength of this particular work — 'a great musician, capable of maintaining the chain of Viennese masters.'

✻

### LONG FACES

LECTURING at the Royal College of Surgeons, Sir Arthur Keith, the distinguished English anthropologist, has declared that the face of modern man is growing downward and that corresponding changes are taking place in the upper bones of the face. Only part of the Western race — from twenty to thirty per cent — is affected. Among the changes tabulated by the anthropologists are the following: —

The teeth now twelve millimetres — .47244 of an inch — below the teeth of primitive peoples; a contracted palate; downward growth of the cheek bone; appearance of a sharp ledge of bone between the teeth and the nose; the teeth sinking backward; the growth of more bone from the lower jaw.

Sir Arthur does not attempt to account for all this. It does not even seem to occur to him that post-war conditions give most people in the modern world pretty good reason for long faces, or that, as an unscientific contemporary suggests, the modern jaw is dropping in sheer astonishment at modern science.

✻

### THE JAPANESE ATTITUDE TOWARD ART

FOREIGNERS who visit the Imperial Art Museum in Tokyo frequently complain that they do not see many very remarkable specimens of Japanese fine art. This only shows the tourists' ignorance of the national customs of Japan, says N. Masaki, President of the Tokyo School of Fine Arts, in an article in the *Seoul Press*.

They do not appear to understand either our attitude toward art or the reason why we take that attitude. In the first place the climate of Japan does not allow examples of fine art to be long exposed without injury. Japanese art of the most priceless and delicate quality cannot long endure either sunlight or dampness. With the exception of articles made of bronze or iron our masterpieces have to be kept safely away from light and moisture; otherwise we should not long have them left to us, and old pieces we should not have at all. Consequently the exhibition of fine art on view in the Imperial Museum does not at all represent the treasures in our possession, which are too precious thus to expose to the effects of climate. The climate is especially injurious to our most valuable paintings, which often suffer injury even by a few hours of exposure.

It is therefore quite beside the mark for foreigners to instance the Louvre and the British National Gallery, and other places where masterpieces of fine art are on view, and suggest how poor is Japan's array of fine art in comparison. In these Western galleries one can take a handbook and pur-

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sue his way through the various rooms, taking in the great paintings of old masters at leisure. In Japan all such precious works of art are safely stowed away in fireproof rooms, wrapped and boxed from light and moisture. Whether our method of ensuring the preservation of our masterpieces is defective is a matter of opinion. We believe that the nature of our pieces of art demands it and we acquiesce.

This scrupulous care of art objects has one advantage, due to the incurably artistic instincts of the Japanese worker, who cannot set himself to make anything, no matter how humble, without doing his best to make it beautiful. Thus the boxes made to enclose and protect the art threatened by the climate themselves become works of art, and even the cloth wrappings receive unusual and beautiful decoration. Mr. Masaki invites the uncomprehending foreigner to observe the care with which a precious teacup is put away: —

Look at one of our most priceless teacups. It is never to be seen sitting on a shelf or lying in an exhibition case. No; it is always found wrapped carefully in a soft cloth of special texture and packed safely in a beautiful box worthy of what it holds. The best pieces of porcelain or china are wrapped in what is called Dutch cotton; and the boxes that contain them are made of paulownia wood; and then the box itself is wrapped in an appropriate cloth. Every precious work of art has, therefore, a fivefold wrapping. It is no wonder that foreigners fail to see our best art; but now that they know the reason why, they must no longer fancy it does not exist.

Mr. Masaki complains that at best foreigners have little understanding of Japanese pictures. The European and American eye is taken by the *ukiyo-e* pictures, which are 'gaudy, brilliant and conspicuous,' but these are really designed for the pleasure of Japanese children. The foreigner has not developed his taste sufficiently to understand the finer work of the artists of Nippon. If he looks at a *nan-ga* scene, his attention is so taken up by what appear to him errors in perspective and minute details that he quite misses the spirit, which is all that concerns a Japanese. Stern though his attitude is, however, Mr. Masaki holds out some hope for the benighted foreigner.

When our foreign friends begin to see something worth while in our *sumi-e* and *nan-ga* then we shall look up and have hope.

*

### FILMING THE HOLY LAND

Doctor Wolfgang Weisl, the special correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, has had the good luck to get an interview with Gunnar Sommerfeldt, leader of the Danish expedition now at work in Palestine and the Sinai Peninsula. Although the expedition met with friendly receptions both from King Hussein of Hejaz and from his son, Emir Abdallah of Transjordania, the explorers insist that in this Arab royal family the older generation is a good deal more progressive than the younger.

The Danish archæologists visited a number of famous sites, but do not appear to have done a great deal of digging. One of the localities richest in antiquities, which nevertheless still remains unexplored, they believe to be the city of Petra, which would furnish work for a decade at least of scientific study. There are a thousand graves, some of which date back probably seven hundred years before Christ, and which in themselves furnish a life work for any scholar who will venture on it. The Danes contented themselves with making photographs and taking seven hundred metres of motion-picture films of the city which, they declare, constitute the most complete collection ever made in this territory. They found a strong Greek influence begin-

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ning with the first century before Christ, but comparatively few inscriptions in either Greek, Latin, or Hebrew. Fragments of vases and old coins which have been lying about on the surface for centuries were the chief witnesses to what Greece had accomplished. There were also bits of Phœnician glass, and other archæological material was so plentiful that there was no need to dig.

The explorers had some exceedingly unpleasant experiences in the desert, and at one time rode for two and a half days without drinking a drop. Besides the photographic work done at Petra, they have made a great many other films and photographs and expect to spend some time in Jerusalem, after which they will devote themselves to filming both Palestine antiquities and the life of the day.

✽

### LADIES AS HOUSEMAIDS

THE difficulty of procuring servants in England, coming at a time when there are said to be a couple of million 'surplus' women, has had the natural effect of leading women of the so-called 'educated classes,' who would, under ordinary conditions, seek somewhat different employment, to enter household service. Inevitably in a country where the line between 'ladies' and 'the working classes' is drawn so sharply as in Great Britain, the gradual change has brought some difficult household questions with it.

The *Manchester Guardian* permits itself to offer some suggestions to 'educated women' who intend to embark upon careers as cooks and parlor maids. The prospect is not by any means alluring. With the most rigid economy it will be difficult to save more than ten pounds a year, especially as house guests naturally hesitate to tip a lady where they would not hesitate to tip an ordinary maid. The prospective household worker will be lucky to get a full two hours a day off, and untrammeled social intercourse such as she has been accustomed to will be no longer possible.

Many other difficulties present themselves. For example: —

> When educated women decide to take up the work they must be prepared to encounter certain special difficulties. In the first place, their status is not yet assured. A certain agitated diffidence on the part of the employers — with occasional lapses toward imperiousness — and resentful astonishment on the part of the working classes with whom they come in contact must be met with calm dignity, tact, and patience. Their superiority must be shown in their businesslike manner of carrying out their duties. It must never be thought that they consider that anything they do is *infra dig.* Domestic work is a business like any other, and should be carried on with steadiness of purpose and zeal. A sense of humor is an invaluable help, and many minor annoyances can be got over by a determination to see the funny side of them.

✽

### HOW MANY DEVILS?

THE announcement of the All-Russian Alliance of Poets, as published by the *Izvestia* of Moscow, contains the following 'denominations' of poets, as designated by themselves: Symbolists, Acmeists, Futurists, Centrifugists, Imaginists, Moscow Parnassus, Proletarian Poets, Peasant Poets, Constructivists, Neo-Romanticists, Neo-Classicists, Presentists, *Bezpredmetniki* (Without-object-ists), *Nichevoki* (Nothing-ists), Nonconformists.

Even *Izvestia* was unable to contemplate such an array with equanimity, and it added the following short comment borrowed from a verse of Pushkin: —

> How many devils, whence are they fleeing,
> And why so pitiful their chants? . . .

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# BOOKS ABROAD

**Psychic Messages from Oscar Wilde.** Edited by Hester Travers Smith. Preface by Sir William F. Barrett, F. R. S. London: Werner Laurie, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Outlook*]

NATURAL or supernatural, this is a very odd production. At first sight everything goes to prejudice one's better feelings against the book: its jet-black cover is hideously lettered in watery white, and symbolically adorned with a smudgy presentment of what can only be 'the Veil'; its frontispiece portrait is of Wilde in his prime, rather too proud, rather too plump; the text shows a plentiful allowance of those suspiciously anonymous Mr. V's, Mr. L's, Mr. X's who frequent private séances; the very word 'ouija' inspires a certain distrust; and the mere fact that the 'messages' were received hardly a stone's throw from their sender's earthly abode in Tite Street, Chelsea, is just a little too good to be true.

But somehow Mrs. Travers Smith's book survives these chilling glances of the skeptical eye. Her account of the circumstances in which the messages were received, partly by automatic script, partly through the 'ouija board,' is tolerably reasonable and open-minded, and even tempered with a just perceptible skepticism on her own part. Sir William Barrett's note is guarded but sympathetic. And there is no denying that the 'Wilde' communications are in themselves amusing, apart altogether from the question of their supposedly supernatural source. Even had they been pages from a newly discovered notebook of his, or jottings of his conversation made by some obliging friend, they would in large part have deserved being printed.

Here, at any rate, there is very little of that depressing intellectual rot which seems to overtake most Departed Spirits when they seek to enlighten their still earth-bound friends: no inane jangling of tambourines, no clammy hands, no miserable snippets about the after-life of poor Peke, the household pet, dead these fifteen years. No, let Mrs. Travers Smith have this at least to her credit: that, by some process or other, she has discovered that rarest of God's creatures, an intelligent ghost. . . .

'How,' asked Mrs. Travers Smith on July 19, 1923, 'how do you study the work of the moderns?' 'I can look into their minds,' replied the ouija board, 'and gather collectively what is worth recording in their work.' The critical process is perhaps swifter than our poor mortal way of laboriously reading books through; but the results are much the same in the end. 'As for Mr. Arnold Bennett,' — script of July 2, 1923, — 'he is the assiduous apprentice to literature, who has conjured so long with the wand of his master Flaubert that he has really succeeded in persuading himself and others that he has learned the trick. . . . Of his characters, one may say that they never say a cultured thing and never do an extraordinary one.'

He boldly intervenes in the silent rivalry of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Moore for the crown of immortality, saying of one, 'All that is in me of rusticity revolts against this realism that flaunts itself in hopeless wanderings among the fields of Dorsetshire. Think for one moment and reflect that Mr. Hardy's works are just the jottings down of a limited village experience with a primitive sense of romance added to it. A very harmless writer, Hardy.'

**Secrets,** by W. H. Davies. London: Jonathan Cape, 1924. 3*s.* 6*d.*

[A. E. in the *Irish Statesman*]

No verse written in our day seems more natural and unlabored than the verse of Davies. We surmise behind the most perfect lyrics written by other poets the labor of the file, agony and doubt over rhythms. We do not surmise this of Davies, no matter how perfect the song may be, and that is because his thought appears to be natural and spontaneous, not the slow mining of precious ores out of the depths of the soul. When the thought is rare as a jewel we believe the jeweler takes time over the setting. Davies may not be very profound, but he is none the less delightful. He delights us as the trees, flowers, birds, and sheep he sings of so continuously delight us. . . . When we want to be happy and untroubled, we will open our Davies.

[A poem from this book appears on A Page of Verse.]

**Wandering Stars,** by Clemence Dane. London: Heinemann, 1924. 6*s.*

[*Westminster Gazette*]

THERE is something a little unbalanced and morbid about Miss Clemence Dane's *Wandering Stars*, and it is, therefore, necessary to say that it holds while it irritates the reader. In 'The Lover,' the longish short story with which the volume opens, a woman is supposed to solace herself for lack of her husband's love by making love to an imaginary projection of him and to regain his love through his jealousy at hearing



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her talk to it. This story is supposed to be a play and the rest of the book shows how it made the fame of Damaris Payne, the actress, and simultaneously killed her soul, the soul which had been born from love of the writer of the play and died from his indifference. The author hears all this after a revival of 'The Lover' from a dwarf, a humble lover of Damaris. It is extremely well done, but seems far-fetched, morbid, and long-drawn-out.

**Lincoln**, by Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. London: Hutchinson, 1924. £1 1*s*.

[John Drinkwater in the *Sunday Times*]

MR. STEPHENSON tells us that 'a complete bibliography of Lincoln would include at least five thousand titles.' I do not know what proportion of this total would be accounted for by considered biographies and seriously developed attempts at interpretation, but these, apart from more casual productions, must amount to a very large number. Mr. Stephenson himself gives the titles of over a hundred books which he has consulted as sources in the writing of his own volume, and he says this is but a minimum list.

The first question that may very well be asked in looking at this new contribution to the subject is what reason there can be for making it at all. Has Mr. Stephenson any new material of importance to submit to us? It cannot be said that he has. Does he, in assembling the old material under a fresh intelligence, modify or enlarge the generally accepted view of Lincoln's character? It cannot be said that he does this either. Does he rearrange the events in relation to which that character expressed itself in such a way as to clear up old difficulties and to invest old convictions with a new meaning? Again, no.

And yet Mr. Stephenson's is an admirable — we would even say a masterly — book, and we welcome it. It is good because its author has been really possessed by a great story, has lived with it and become its familiar, and, after what must have been many years of patient loyalty to its necessities, has told it with the intimacy that is authority. This, with its own difference of presentation, is just how the myths of the old world were handled.

**A Gallery**, by Philip Guedalla. London: Constable, 1924. 10*s*. 6*d*.

[*Observer*]

MR. GUEDALLA must take care. He has so often been called a brilliant young man that he is in real danger of remaining one. He evidently hates to disappoint readers who expect him to be coruscatingly indiscreet; and he forgets that, of all habits, considered indiscretion is the worst. It does not much matter being occasionally smart about anything and everything, if only you remember that smartness on some subjects is impertinent. Mr. Guedalla's gibes remind us sometimes a little too forcibly of the street urchins' gay impudences at some great man whose attire or manners excite their derision: taunts of that kind are unanswered, but not at all because they are unanswerable. Mr. Guedalla must beware lest he reaches the stage when everyone reads him and laughs with him except those whose applause is worth having. There is no more melancholy end for the satirist than to have people of whose existence he was loftily ignorant applauding him heartily by rough slaps on the back.

The essays in *A Gallery* which call forth this friendly warning are not very many: some passages in the essay on Anatole France, much of the paper on Mr. Galsworthy, the note on Marcel Proust — in all of these, and in some of the essays on politicians, Mr. Guedalla is not nearly severe enough with himself. He reminds us too often of the president of the Oxford Union at question-time; but that official at least has the two excuses of youth and an impudent interrogator.

Admirers of Mr. Guedalla's work in the newspapers will be glad that in this volume he has given us some impressions of men of letters as well as of men of affairs. There is nothing here quite so good as his essay on Henry James; but the paper on Thomas Hardy, with its praise of *The Dynasts*, — not quite so neglected on its first appearance as Mr. Guedalla believes, — has admirable things in it.

## BOOKS MENTIONED

CHAMBERS, E. K. *The Elizabethan Stage*. Four volumes. London and New York: Oxford University Press.

WEISS, LEOPOLD. *Unromantisches Morgenland*. Frankfort: Buchverlag Societäts-Druckerei, 1924.

## NEW TRANSLATIONS

HALEVY, DANIEL. *Vauban: Builder of Fortresses*. Translated, with notes, by Major C. J. C. Street, O.B.E., M.C. London: Geoffrey Bles, 1924. 6*s*.

BORDEAUX, HENRY. *The Garden of Omar*. Authorized translation from the French by Henry Logan Stuart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1924. $2.00.

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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